

Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY 1960

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ABOUT OURSELVES

IN succession to Dr. G. P. Gooch, C.H., F.B.A., Mr. Deryck Abel has been appointed Editor of *The Contemporary Review* as from July 1. The August number will be his first.

Dr. Gooch, who is 86, has held the Editorship for 49 years and will continue to collaborate as Consulting Editor. He succeeded Sir Percy Bunting as Editor in 1911. *English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century*, the first of Dr. Gooch's books, appeared in 1898. His most recent are *Louis XV* (1956), *Under Six Reigns* (1958) and *The Second Empire* (1960). An Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a former President of the Historical Association, Dr. Gooch was Liberal M.P. for Bath in 1906-1910. He was awarded the German Order *Pour Le Mérite* in 1955. For many years the late Dr. John Scott Lidgett, C.H., was Joint Editor with Dr. Gooch.

Mr. Abel is 41. He contributes extensively on history, politics, economics and literature to a wide range of journals and newspapers at home and abroad. He is the author of *A History of British Tariffs, 1923-1942*, *The House of Sage, 1860-1960*, and *Ernest Benn, Counsel for Liberty* (1960). He served as Chairman of the Liberal Party Executive in 1957-1959 and has thrice stood for Parliament.

In 1955 *The Contemporary Review* incorporated *The Fortnightly*, founded by Anthony Trollope in 1865. An early Editor of *The Fortnightly* was John (afterwards Viscount) Morley. *The Contemporary Review* was founded in 1866. Sir Percy Bunting guided its fortunes for 35 years.

The *Contemporary Review* is interested in all the questions of the day. Its contents range from politics, literature and history to theology, travel and nature study.

The new Editor will maintain its general character and Liberal tradition.

For over 40 years the *Contemporary Review* has been published by British Periodicals Ltd. of Chancery Lane, who with the change in Editorship relinquish the management of the magazine, which commencing with the August issue will be published by the proprietors, *The Contemporary Review Co. Ltd.*, from their offices at Fulwood House, Fulwood Place, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

AFTER THE SUMMIT

FRANKLY I did not expect such a fiasco as took place in Paris. Nor, for that matter, did I expect that much would come of the Summit Conference, but I did think that something positive, if small, would result. It is now no use looking for scapegoats and putting all the blame on Mr. Khrushchev, though he was, of course, primarily responsible for what happened. On the other hand, there is no use in looking about for scapegoats in the Western camp, though the Pentagon and the spy-planes bear their share of responsibility. It is best to come down to fundamental facts and realize that when you are dealing with a country whose rulers are orthodox Communists, you must always expect certain things. First you must realize that no agreement with them can be more than temporary, because Communists assume that the non-Communist world is in process of dissolution, though that process may last a long time and temporary agreements are permissible till the real crisis in the capitalist world appears. Arising out of that comes the next fact, that the willingness or otherwise of Russia to negotiate with outside countries depends on how stable and united these countries are. Any sign of weakness will cause Russian Communists to make harder the terms on which they negotiate and even to refuse to negotiate at all. I am inclined to think that that is what has happened. The Russians think that in the next six months weakness among the Western Allies can be exploited. Though internal differences inside Russia and the pressure on Khrushchev of a Stalinist element have probably played their part, I believe that the hope of fishing in troubled waters in the West is the most potent of the causes of Khrushchev's attitude. The differences inside Russia may well be differences on the estimate of how disunited the West really is. So the holding-off of negotiations for six to nine months will lose the Russians nothing and many things may happen which may turn out to their advantage, or so they think. Russia has always been ready to sign agreements with foreign States after hard bargaining and even to give way on points, but there must always be a barrier, through which they cannot for the time being penetrate, in their opponent's defences. That was what made Lenin sign his first treaty with the Kaiser's Germany at Brest-Litovsk in the winter of 1917-18. There was no alternative then, but within nine months the Kaiser's Government was no more.

What then do the Russians think is working to their advantage in the Allied countries? First there is the American presidential election. This always partially immobilizes the U.S.A. as far as foreign affairs are concerned. A new person may come to the White House whom the Russians may think they can deal with more easily. Or in the course of the elections things may be said and friction might develop between the United States and Great Britain or France. It might be well to see if, in the disillusionment that follows the collapse of the Summit, it may not be possible to drive a wedge in between these Western powers. Then there is the internal situation in Great Britain or rather I should say in the Labour Party. Though what has happened since Paris has probably consolidated a large part of public opinion behind N.A.T.O. and multi-lateral

disarmament and has strengthened Mr. Gaitskell's position, this was not too clear a month ago or, in fact, ever since the Aldermaston march. Here is another chance for Khrushchev to fish in troubled waters and to use the near anarchy that has existed in the Labour Party since the General Election for his own purposes. The Labour Party has a strong element of the local preacher and the Puritan, with moral principles which will put the whole world right, in its make-up. This is the very antithesis of Marxism but it can be used by Marxists in power in Russia for their own ends. The Labour Party is always liable to fits of emotion on these sort of issues. In the 1930's there was a fit of emotion to pledge oneself not to fight for King and Country. A little later it was an emotion to form a united front with the Communists against appeasement. Since the new year there has been a fresh wave of emotion about the H-bomb which has been rendering almost impotent the activities of the Party on defence issues and has been a grave embarrassment to the leaders. Could Khrushchev want a better opportunity to profit by the state of the Labour Party and postpone the Summit? After all, if another Summit is called next year he might think that Mr. Zilliacus may have replaced Mr. Gaitskell on the opposition front bench. It may seem laughable, but what has always struck me in Russia when talking to Communists is how much weight they attribute to politicians who have little or no influence.

Then there is another part of the world where advantages may come to Russia by biding her time and waiting: Africa. The unpleasant fact must be faced that the Afrikaners are not going seriously to alter their policy of *Apartheid*. The Boer farmers with the backing of their Dutch Reformed Church are not the sort of people to modify under criticism or pressure their time-honoured prejudices. I do not believe that even the fear of the economic collapse of the Union or the flight of international capital from the mining areas would seriously influence them. They are prepared to remain backwood farmers dedicated to their duty, as they think, of saving white civilization. One can see nothing but civil war and chaos in that part of Africa and this is bound to have its reflex action on the rest of the continent. The position of Great Britain in Kenya and in the Central African Federation is sufficiently difficult as it is. Extremists among the Africans will only be encouraged by an increasingly critical situation in South Africa. The idea of a multi-racial State in those parts of the Commonwealth where European emigrants have come in will be attacked not only by those who want to see a form of *Apartheid* applied (and the South African Dutch have their supporters there) but also by the Africans who want to get rid of the white men altogether. The next year or so will decide which way things will go in these key colonies, Kenya and the Federation.

Britain's position is slowly weakening year by year. It is doubtful whether her long experience in administering her former colonies in Asia and Africa and her liberal policy of Dominion status and independence will bring her any direct return. Of one thing we can be sure: there is no gratitude in politics and the country that has the most money to dispense in assisting the former African colonies in their economic development, the United States, is the country that will acquire the most influence on

behalf of the West. All this, therefore, must indicate to Mr. Khrushchev that Africa is a continent where he can profit by the prejudice that still lingers and is best seen in the xenophobia of Egypt under Nasser against the "Western imperialists". Though Nasser is becoming milder because he does not want Communism in Egypt, the same disillusionment has not yet spread to the rest of Africa. Therefore, the Russian Communist may well feel that by the time another Summit Conference does meet, he may have advantages in Africa which he has not got now.

The situation is rather different in Asia. During last year the Chinese invasion of Tibet and the aggressive Chinese action on the Himalayan frontiers has aroused public indignation in India. Even Mr. Nehru is finding it hard to find excuses for Chinese Communist imperialism. China is now in the stage of Communism that Russia was in under Stalin—a self-assertive and aggressive mood which aims at spreading its ideas beyond its frontiers by all means, including that of force. Most revolutions pass through this stage after the initial weakness is past. It happened in the French Revolution and one could say that the aggressiveness of Germany till recently was a phase of the revolution from above which took place when the Empire was founded in 1871. China is now in that stage and is assisted by the thousands of Chinese that live all over south-east Asia outside China. The only important force now opposing her is India with its ancient civilization and strong national consciousness. It seems that our long tutelage there has enabled the Indians to appreciate the Western way of life and so far she has remained loyal to it. All indications are that it will strengthen as the Chinese Communists grow more aggressive. The scene of their activity in the last year has been Tibet. It was expected, of course, that any Chinese régime would seek to assert its sovereignty over Tibet. On the other hand, no Indian Government can be indifferent to the fate of that country. There are many Buddhists in India and there is much in common in the religious ideas and philosophy of both Hinduism and Buddhism. Although the Panchshila agreement of 1954 over Tibet recognized it as part of China, the other provisions of the treaty laid it down that both China and Tibet should recognize each other's integrity. The violation of these provisions in March, 1959, was the first shock to India. It was followed by the expansion of Chinese armed forces and by road building on Indian territory in Leh of Ladakh, by which it appeared that China has annexed Indian territory in order to construct a strategic road in the high plateaux of the Karakorums to connect Tibet with South Sinkiang. It remains to be seen how far Russia is going to support China in her aggressive schemes in Asia. Up to now, Russia has been a restraining influence, but one cannot count on this. The West, however, can take heart in the fact that for the first time the new free and independent states of South and South East Asia seem thoroughly aroused at the Chinese Communist danger.

Meanwhile, one can be sure that Khrushchev is not likely to abandon his policy of giving the Russian people an easier life than they have had in the past. Their standard of living is far below that of the people of Western Europe and America, especially in consumer goods. In capital goods construction, in armaments and scientific research, she is on a footing

with the West and in some departments ahead. But if Russia is to get a more balanced economy and raise the standard of living of her people, she must have peace and a reduction in the burden of armaments. Russian agriculture, too, is behind the West in efficiency and in production per man and per acre, and this is affecting Russia's industrial development, which has advanced at break-neck speed. It is here that the best hope lies that the collapse of the Summit will not mean a return to the cold war of Stalin's day. We must look forward then to continued stalemate and we must hope that no fool will do anything fatal in the meantime. We can take heart in the fact that there is nothing new about all this. It has always been difficult to effect any settlement with Russia. In 1853 the United States ambassador sent the following message to Washington: "The policy of Russia seems not to be based on settled principles or to be guided by any fixed landmarks. Expediency is the great test and what may be expedient today may be inexpedient tomorrow." Britain is now playing a secondary rôle along with France in trying to make more amenable the relations between the two giants. The voluntary withdrawal of Great Britain as a colonial power from Asia and now gradually from Africa is leaving her in a somewhat isolated position. On the other hand, the consolidation of Europe is proceeding apace with the Common Market of the Six added to the iron, steel and coal communities. We have now to consider whether Commonwealth preference is so important as to keep us isolated from this European community. We have to consider whether the Commonwealth is not now mainly an organization of sentimental value but of decreasing economic advantage. Many of the Dominions are looking for new markets outside the Commonwealth. One Dominion is in danger of expulsion if it continues its racial policy. It is worth considering if the seven countries which are in process of forming a low tariff area round Great Britain would not be well advised to come to some agreement with the Six to extend the free trade area to them or at least to form an extended low tariff area. Western Europe must become increasingly an economic and political unit and we are coming to the stage where we cannot afford to remain in isolation.

M. PHILIPS PRICE

LOSS AND GAIN

THE last three months constitute an exceptional record of trouble in almost every part of the world. The ousting of Syngman Rhee in Korea, the *coup d'état* in Turkey and the highly explosive situation in Japan have a strong anti-American character, and show that there seems to be something fundamentally wrong with the way Washington is handling some of its principal Asiatic allies. In all three countries the Western democracies, led by the U.S.A., have backed men and political systems which are no longer acceptable to their own people. What is surprising is not only the ease with which Rhee and Menderes have been overthrown, but also the almost indecent haste with which the West has

recognized their successors. Taking Turkey, for instance, which is one of the cornerstones of Western defence, it may well be asked what assurance there is that General Cemal Gursel and his supporters will in the long run prove to be more democratic or stable than Menderes, who was so much honoured and relied upon by the Allies. In the case of Japan the question unavoidably arises whether her membership of the Western system of alliances can be considered safe. If not, the whole of this system, which it took Washington some 15 years to construct, will find itself in need of speedy and drastic revision indeed. Moreover, the U.S.A. is by no means alone in having trouble. Great Britain has difficulties enough over the growing tragedy in South Africa or with Kenya or with Cyprus. The Belgian Congo, which until recently seemed an exceptionally quiet part of the world, is now seething with unrest and recent developments there have acquired a catastrophic character. For France there is no end to hostilities in Algeria, and this doleful list could be prolonged almost indefinitely.

During the first three months of 1960, on the other hand, everything seemed to indicate a growing *détente*. On both sides of the iron curtain the leading men were carefully avoiding controversy or anything that might appear as provocative. The political travel season was at its height, and it was difficult to keep track of the seemingly incessant journeys of the modern statesmen-voyagers who flitted from capital to capital—or even from continent to continent—without any discoverable results.

Perhaps in retrospect it is possible to say that this endless travelling constituted the real Summit discussions and that the Paris meeting could at best have been merely an anticlimax. If President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev could not agree on anything when they were alone at Camp David, or again if General de Gaulle and the Russian were unable to establish any sort of common point of view during Mr. Khrushchev's sojourn in France, how could the Summit meeting have achieved any positive results? The General very wisely pointed out during his triumphant pre-Summit visit to the U.S.A. that it was essential to avoid discussion of such subjects about which it was known from the start that no agreement was possible. It may well be asked whether there were, or are, any other subjects.

The sad fact is that long before the date of the abortive Paris Conference it had become quite clear to those who wished to see that there was not a single problem of real importance on which the Western world and Khrushchev could reach an amicable settlement. After all, the three main issues, namely Berlin, the future of Germany, and disarmament, are of vital importance to both sides and both of them had left the world in no doubt that they did not envisage changing anything in their respective positions.

Short of an open row during the Paris Conference, the final *communiqué* would probably have announced that the four Powers had met, that they now understood each other's point of view a little better and that they would meet again in due course to re-examine the situation. At best, the world might have expected a series of meaningless and frustrating Summit meetings for years to come. But it must also be said that the chances of

the first of such meetings being successful were not enhanced by the last-minute behaviour of the two main protagonists. President Eisenhower announced that he would not stay in Paris longer than a week, since he was planning a visit to Portugal, and this was hardly an indication that he or his advisers took the Summit very seriously. For his part, Khrushchev suddenly made a hostile and violent speech in Baku on April 25, making it quite clear that he intended to obtain satisfaction over Berlin or, failing that, to create a state of tension. The nature of his talk was reminiscent of the series of similar outbursts in the early months of 1959, before the era of *détente* began. The date of the Baku speech is important, since it was a mere few days before the U-2 story broke. Thus Khrushchev, too, was obviously no longer interested in the Paris Conference, and had no compunction about preventing it from taking place when he came to Paris.

The details of the subsequent developments are sufficiently recent history to require no re-statement here. But it is essential to bear in mind that, despite the Paris scandal and contrary to all appearances, the Summit meeting—or meetings—did actually take place over a period of several months, stretching from Khrushchev's visit to America last autumn to his Paris visit in May, 1960. This Summit meeting, which included private conversations between all the leading men on both sides of the iron curtain, proved of no avail, and therefore the general disappointment over the Paris fiasco is somewhat unrealistic.

This is not to say that the manner in which the Paris meeting was prevented from taking place is not most deplorable. The immediate results are obvious enough. There is a complete change in the international political climate, with tension and uncertainties everywhere. It is doubtful whether even Khrushchev feels as sure of himself as his provocative and vulgar speeches would indicate, and the mere fact that an American plane could fly as far as the Urals before it was brought down by some means or other must give him furiously to think. In all probability Russian rocketry is excellent and the various other weapons Moscow now has are of a high scientific quality. Nevertheless, even though the men at the Kremlin have known about American flights for four years, and apparently have traced the present U-2 ever since it crossed the Russian border, they could not do anything about it during the greater part of its journey. That they finally managed to get this U-2 down is certainly an achievement, but it is hardly likely that the plane was hit by a rocket and then came down with most of its equipment undamaged—surely this would have been pulverized if the Soviet description were true, and the pilot would not have had time to use the parachute either. In his personal abuse of President Eisenhower and in his latest speeches, Khrushchev has reintroduced the gutter jargon not heard any more since an almost forgotten era of the Bolshevik revolution.

The Western allies are now faced with threats and pressure—not merely over Berlin—and the smaller members of the Western alliance, some neutrals and others, are likewise being menaced. Significantly enough the public in the Western countries refuses to take the situation too dramatically, leaving all the worry and responsibility to Governments and

Parliaments and Heads of State. For these the present situation raises a lot of unpleasant questions and will force on them some hard decisions. To what extent, for instance, and at what level should talks with Russia be continued? Should economic and cultural exchanges be further encouraged? Even assuming that Khrushchev is as eager to avoid war as the Western Powers, quite obviously now both sides will speed up and expand their defence programmes. What shape is this increased rearmament going to take? What new monstrous scientific discoveries for the destruction of mankind are in the hands of either or both of the contestants? For the West, there is also a question which may not embarrass the Soviets too much, namely that of the cost involved and how it is going to be financed—provided always, of course, that nothing happens in the meantime. In the democracies there is, moreover, a political angle to all this, and here the impact of the latest change in Soviet-Western relations may bring about some very unexpected developments. General de Gaulle may be perfectly right in his recent statement that some day a very much wider Western alignment, going “from the Atlantic to the Urals”, may be envisaged. But who can measure the time necessary to achieve such a situation? And meanwhile, in most of the democracies, there are some more immediate problems.

How will the present crisis affect the American elections, which take place on November 8? It is of course a ridiculous presumption on Khrushchev's part to want to influence America's choice of President directly, but the Paris fiasco nevertheless is a factor that neither the party organizers nor even the electors can ignore. The U-2 affair, with its aftermath, is bound to be an electoral issue in the campaign, which until now was curiously devoid of any issues of real importance.

It is sometimes argued that the present situation is bound to impose greater unity on Europe's democracies and that one of the results will be some form of understanding between the six countries of the Common Market and the seven members of E.F.T.A. It is true, of course, that in both these groups there are men who realize all the disadvantages and dangers of Western Europe being split in two rival trade blocs. It also appears that the United Kingdom, which for so long refused to believe in the Common Market as a reality and merely treated it as a French conspiracy, is now beginning to understand that not only has the Common Market come to stay, but that it possesses great political and economic power. So there is a certain tendency to re-examine this country's original position and to explore some possibilities of accommodation. Some of Britain's associates in the Outer Seven are nervous about this and fear that “perfidious Albion” may leave them in the lurch. But, for one thing, there is no reason to attribute such sinister motives to Mr. Macmillan and, for another thing, it could not be done even if this country were willing to accept a complete *volte face*. France, which is the leading member of the Common Market group, would certainly not be ready at this juncture to make the concessions she would probably have accepted if Britain had come in as a founder member from the start. Moreover, Britain cannot act alone, and neither Switzerland nor Sweden—the two most militant of the Outer Seven—would consider joining the Common Market as at

present constituted. But all this has little or nothing to do with the Summit fiasco. Despite all the pious professions of faith about the desirability of co-operation or the dangers of a split, there is a long and tortuous road the Six and the Seven must travel before they can come to some practical results.

When the Common Market was originally established, it was generally assumed that Germany would be its leading power, in view of the economic and political weakness of France and Italy, as well as the smallness of the Benelux countries. Things have turned out differently. Though Germany is still strong, she is far from a dominating position. Moreover, Dr. Adenauer is not eternal and he has deliberately prevented the emergence of any qualified successor among his own followers. If some day the present Mayor of Berlin, the Socialist Willy Brandt, were to take over as Chancellor, the position of West Germany and of Berlin might undergo a very rapid change. On the other hand, both France and Italy have achieved a spectacular economic recovery, while Benelux—as a unit—can measure up to its other associates and is represented by some exceptionally able and dynamic men. Though Italy is in a state of a more or less permanent political crisis, her economy is doing admirably and she now has a gold and foreign currency reserve larger than that of Great Britain. Again, though General de Gaulle has enormous domestic political, social and administrative problems to face—even quite apart from the Algerian drama or France's rapidly changing relations with her overseas territories—the nation's economy is strong once again and some of the leading industries have deservedly achieved world fame. Suffice it to mention that French Caravelle jet planes are now being bought by all the principal aviation companies and that the largest airplane constructors in the U.S.A., the Douglas Company, have acquired the Caravelle licence for manufacture and distribution. This is a real triumph for France, which few people expected during the early pre-Common Market negotiations.

Politics and economic policy have by no means the monopoly of international "headaches" at the present moment. The progress of civil aviation is facing many countries with a new and most complicated problem, namely what kind of planes to buy and how to pay for them. A most striking example is "Capital Airlines", a leading U.S. company, which had in recent years purchased a fleet of Viscount planes in England and which is now unable to pay for them. No doubt a way will be found to remedy the situation, but many European airlines are wondering what to do next. Competition is so hard that, to keep their clients and attract new ones, the companies must offer ever new inducements, and at the same time reduce fares and also flying hours. It is now possible to cross the Atlantic in a comfortable passenger jet plane in six and a half hours, but this requires a huge investment on the part of the companies. Since most of them use identical equipment, it is by the quality of their service or perquisites offered that they must appeal to their patrons. Thus "Swissair", following a good Swiss catering tradition, have recently introduced a system which enables the passenger to order most exclusive *à la carte* meals in advance of his flight. "S.A.S." (Scandinavian Airlines System) have established the function of a super steward whom they call "*Maitre de*

cabine" and who is to make passengers particularly comfortable. "K.L.M.", who have always been outstanding for their efficiency and courtesy, are now adding small gifts and a variety of special services, which are much appreciated by their clients.

The mere mention of air transport helps to emphasize one of the reasons why the public in the Western world remains relatively indifferent to the political situation. People are thinking of their holidays and of their personal problems which concern them much more than the state of world affairs. There is such a rich choice of vacation possibilities and there is also so much to be done before embarking on a vacation that all this requires plenty of thinking. Small wonder, then, that the public refuses to be stampeded by Khrushchev's threats or by the shortcomings of their own freely-elected Governments. The first half-year of 1960 ends with plenty of worries for the politicians, economists, administrators and soldiers. But for private citizens the period of July-September happily means a period of rest and relaxation. After all, co-existence is bound to be maintained in some form or other and many more months must elapse before the full impact of the change in West-Soviet relations can be properly estimated or before private individuals begin to feel its effects.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK

UNIVERSITY OF THE AIR

PERHAPS no section of the stock market has shown in the last couple of years more remarkable gains than the television field. Of the new millionaires known to the Inland Revenue authorities in this country last year no less than three had interests connected with television. No other industry could show the same rate of profits. Nor were these millions made by any gentlemen in the B.B.C. They were made by the pioneers in Independent Television. Although they will never have it so good again, smaller fortunes are still to be made if smaller local television companies are allowed to offer their services on the air. And why not? Who would think that the world would not be the poorer if the local newspapers folded up, and there were no longer a *Staffordshire Sentinel* or *Birmingham Post*? The same loyalty will doubtless come to attach to "our local" among the television stations. Technically all this should soon be practicable. When the Third Channel for television becomes fully available for operation, the chance for the smaller local companies will come. Instead of the B.B.C., as big monopolist, or even the present regional semi-monopolies, we shall have a large new measure of competition. And that is just what a democracy welcomes in the world of journalism.

Nevertheless, this is not the whole story. The public campaign that preceded the legislation, under which the Independent Television Authority was set up, was a remarkable one. It was spear-headed by the Popular Television Association, under the presidency of Lord Derby. At the time

when it began its campaign the Labour Party was for the most part opposed to breaking the B.B.C. monopoly. The Conservative Party was divided, with many such as Lord Hailsham convinced that the B.B.C., cynosure of all eyes and ears, could scarcely be improved upon in its services to information, entertainment and culture. And the Gallup Polls showed a majority of the country opposed to change. Many of us did not like the B.B.C. in the rôle of the Prince of the Power of the Air. We thought the monopoly to be, in principle, unhealthy. We admitted that the B.B.C. was a registered national monument, but we did not feel it to be beyond improvement. After six months the Popular Television Association campaign had changed a popular poll majority against change into one in favour of change and new legislation.

In the course of that campaign certain ideals were advocated and certain promises given. The Ford Foundation of America has spent sums, substantial even for the Ford Foundation, in investigating what television can do for the advancement of education. The B.B.C. has done much, not least in connection with schools. But enquiries about whether more might not be done were met with the reply that there were "technical difficulties". It was felt that under more vital and enterprising direction much more could be done. A pledge was made by the campaign to provide that enterprise. There is the extensive field of adult education, on which Scandinavian countries have done more than ourselves. The Labour Government of 1945 promised to do much here, but, as its Minister of Education, Ellen Wilkinson, well knew, even were the budget available, new tutors could not be provided over-night. What was required was the exploration of a new technique. The tutors could be effective as such, for much larger numbers, if top-class lecturers on the level of Huxley or Hogben taught their subjects at regular times for listeners and on established wave-lengths. Even more urgent has been the need for providing for those tens of thousands who, having left school, find that there are still simply not enough university or university college places for them to go on to the education to which their abilities entitle them. The polytechnics can do something, but very far from everything, here. What rather is required is the educational fervour which led to the foundation of the polytechnics.

The new Channel Three provides us with the opportunity, which must not be lost. Whether or not the route is adopted of another ponderous Royal Commission, at least it is important that the Parliamentary debate, which will certainly take place, should be enlightened. Who is to control the new Channel? It has been suggested that all the cultural activities on television should now be handled by the B.B.C., as a public corporation; and that the entertainment field should be left to the new independent companies. But this would be to remove competition in precisely the more serious fields of influence on men's minds, where it was earlier urged that competition was most important. It seems to rest on the proposition that "there's no money in culture". It is, however, for this reason that it would be unwise to leave the educational and cultural fields, with all their promise, solely to commercial enterprise. It is indeed true that, in San Francisco and New York, businessmen have been found who have put

on the air programmes uninterrupted by advertisement, which have been sustained like clubs by subscriptions. And, be it added, this public-spirited venture has paid. It yet would be unsound to generalize from anything so exceptional.

The answer lies in another quarter. It is to be hoped that, when this question arises soon for debate, Parliament will give it firmly. What is required is an autonomous system of educational broadcasting under a Corporation on which both the Ministry of Education and the Universities and Arts Council will be represented. With a wide mandate it should dominate Channel Three. It should own it. The new universities might become, as in North America, responsible for local stations. How, then, shall the Corporation pay its way? Here is the opening for private, and public, enterprise—even for industry and the trade unions or co-ops. The hours most valuable for educational purposes are not the hours that are commercially most in demand. It is these hours on the wave-length which should be sold to commercial users and contracting companies for cash down. So education would pay its way and commerce—as in Renaissance Florence—help maintain culture. What is more, one of the greatest educational ventures of our time, for the good of great masses of the population, would be launched in this island.

GEORGE E. GORDON CATLIN

GARVIN AND THE OBSERVER

LOUIS XIV was credited with the proud boast *L'Etat c'est moi*, and Garvin might have claimed with no less truth "I am *The Observer*". He was the most celebrated British journalist of his time and the most influential of editors since Delane, the thunderer of *The Times*. I am old enough to remember his regular pronouncements Sunday by Sunday during the hectic years covered in this substantial volume. The American author* had a fine theme and has done it ample justice as part of a vast mass of skilfully and impartially utilized raw material. Here is the ebullient Irishman, the Macaulay of journalists with his eloquence fortified by wide knowledge of affairs, his personality shining through every article and every letter. "Most fanatics are anchored to a single idea" wrote his fellow-journalist, A. G. Gardiner, long ago, "Mr. Garvin is a fanatic on the wing." No one has surpassed him in verbal and written fluency, and no one was ever more convinced of his omniscience and infallibility. In a word he was a superman. In Northcliffe's words he possessed the sacred fire.

Every superman—think of Bismarck, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Churchill—says to himself in the old Roman formula *Aut Caesar aut nullus*. He demands not merely the first place but undivided and undisputed responsibility. In the newspaper world power is very rarely unshared. A classic example of such sovereignty at the turn of the century was C. P.

* *Garvin and The Observer, 1908-1914*. By A. M. Gollin. Oxford University Press, 45s.

Scott, proprietor of *The Manchester Guardian*. Another was Strachey of *The Spectator*. Both could do exactly as they liked. Garvin never owned a paper, but for three years he and Northcliffe worked happily together, the former craving for a platform, the latter for political influence, Northcliffe supplying the finance and the lessons of his long experience and Garvin the magic of his style and the glamour of his name. Between them they made the old and moribund paper which Northcliffe had rescued from penury and obscurity into a political force which for a brief period helped to make history.

Garvin entered the Promised Land with abounding self-confidence, claiming that he knew more of foreign affairs than anybody in this country except Chiol (of *The Times*). "They were my first passion and deepest study for many years," he wrote to the Chief, "and the tariff, financial and Imperial theories all branched off from the prolonged concern with foreign policy. Even social reform, in which I most ardently believe, is to me chiefly a means of making a stronger, better organized people more surely hold its own against exterior pressure. Of socialism, on the other hand, I am the deadly enemy. They tell me you tire of men and throw them over, and would tire of me and throw me over. In spite of all they say I am personally drawn to you, and your creative genius fills me with amazement. I have often dreamed for hours of what might be done if I were your right hand. You might have a vast power and you have not got it. On my side, with many defects and inconsistencies, with a touch of a poet, the prophet and the wirepuller (for I know what politics are and must be) there is knowledge, experience yet unquenchable fire, courage incarnate, considerable command and entire sincerity. On yours—you say when Jo is gone where is the man?—you are the man. You can do through your newspaper if you like what no man could do through any other medium." But would the two Caesars run in double harness for a longer span than a Hollywood marriage?

For a few eventful years Garvin stood as close to the Conservative Opposition as Alfred Spender, of *The Westminster Gazette*, at the same moment to the Asquith Ministry. Readers of all parties turned eagerly to the leading articles in the rival organs to learn or to guess what was going on behind the scenes, what changes or crises might be at hand. Events played into the hands of the new editor, whose appointment coincided with a fierce quarrel in the navy between Admiral Fisher, who demanded concentration of our forces in home waters in reply to the growing challenge of the German High Sea fleet. Lord Charles Beresford, Commander in the Mediterranean, wished to show the flag, as we had always done, all over the world. Garvin was supplied by Fisher with inside information and became his bosom friend and mouthpiece in the impasse. Of course it was most improper but the old sea-dog loved a fight and fought with the gloves off. *The Observer* articles always filled him with ecstasy and he signed his letters with the words: "Yours till hell freezes." The feud in naval circles was matched by a sharp conflict within the Cabinet and in the ranks of the vast Liberal majority, scores of members, of whom I was one, declining to support any increase in the Naval Estimates for 1908-9. When Lord Tweedmouth, the harassed First Lord of the

Admiralty, asked Garvin where his information came from, the editor declined to reply. It was scarcely necessary, for everyone knew or guessed. No one studied the leaders in *The Observer* with greater interest than Edward VII, an ardent believer in Fisher's programme and in need of eight Dreadnoughts. After a sharp discussion in the Cabinet, in which Lloyd George, Churchill and Harcourt led the opposition to Fisher's demands, eight new battleships were added and Garvin felt that he had not lived in vain. He had reached the top of his profession in his first year in *The Observer* office as well as increasing the circulation. In this world, said Goethe, "there are few voices and many echoes." Garvin was never an echo.

The next major crisis was provided by Lloyd George's Budget of 1909, which delighted the Liberals as much as it angered the Opposition and the big landowners, Rosebery among them. Garvin took a line of his own. While denouncing the Budget as the first step to Socialism, he urged his party to moderate their thunders against widely popular taxes on land values and to proclaim a rival policy of tariff reform as the only sure foundation of industrial prosperity, Empire integration and national strength. It was at this time that he established close contact with Sandars, the trusted private secretary of Balfour, Leader of the Opposition. The Budget had raised a far more important issue than the merits of the land taxes, for the Conservatives decided on its rejection by the House of Lords despite the tradition established in the seventeenth century that the control of finance was the exclusive prerogative of the elected Chamber. The Government promptly dissolved Parliament, but the verdict satisfied neither party. The Conservatives almost equalled the Liberals, who had to depend on the support of the Irish and Labour members.

The Budget was returned to the upper House and became law, but its revolutionary action in rejecting a Finance Bill by the Liberals called for some equally drastic remedy. The two chief measures of the Government, the Education Bill and the Licensing Bill, had been wrecked by the upper House, which never dreamed of rejecting Conservative measures. How long, we Liberals asked, were we to continue ploughing the sands? The only possible answer was that the veto must be limited. But how? No measure could become law without the assent of both Houses, and who could expect the peers to clip their own wings? How else then could a Veto Bill reach the statute-book than by the creation of a sufficient number of peers to secure a majority? How many would be needed? Hundreds! Would the King consent? If so, would there remain any barrier against fundamental political and social changes which might be desired by the Government in office or by some future majority of the Left? Royal veto had gone long ago and non-single chamber government, hitherto undreamed of, loomed up. No responsible politicians in either camp felt happy and a few looked for a compromise. The sudden death of Edward VII encouraged the bridge-builders, for it was widely felt that it would be unfair to confront the new ruler with a first class constitutional crisis involving the royal prerogative. Garvin was not the first to think of a Truce of God, as he phrased it, but he was the first to propose it in the press, and it was his pleading in *The Observer* which brought the scheme

into the centre of the political arena. Loving spacious horizons and possessing a lively imagination, he threw himself with his usual zeal into the plan of a constitutional conference between the leaders of both parties. Four representatives of each met throughout the summer months, 22 times in all, surveying in friendly talk the main issues dividing the two camps. The gulf proved too wide and the exchanges ended when a plan to solve the Irish problem by a federal system for the British Isles of Home Rule all round proved unacceptable to both sides and to the Irish M.P.s at Westminster. That Garvin had played a leading part in the discussions was recognized on all sides, for he had been in close contact with Balfour, Austen Chamberlain, Lloyd George and other protagonists. His plan had failed, but his prestige as a constructive thinker was enhanced. Stead saluted him as the Disraeli of the Conservative Party.

What course was the Opposition to pursue after the breakdown of the Constitutional Conference with its sequel, a General Election? Everyone admitted that Lancashire could not be won while food taxes remained in the programme, and in the close balance of parties the Lancashire vote might turn the scale. "Drop food taxes" was the advice received from almost all quarters except Birmingham, where Joseph Chamberlain and his son Austen declined to haul down the flag. In this dilemma Garvin came forward with a plan to unite the warring factions: let tariff reform be the subject of a referendum. The idea was approved and proclaimed by the two leaders, Balfour and Lansdowne, who had never been keen protectionists, while Austen Chamberlain declared himself broken-hearted at the surrender to electoral expediency. It was a triumph for Garvin, who was described in the Liberal press as the real leader of the Conservative Party. The December election left the balance of parties in Parliament unchanged, the Liberal-Irish-Labour coalition still in office. Without the referendum pledge the result would have been worse for the Conservatives, for a few gains in Lancashire balanced losses in London.

Garvin had not only made *The Observer* the most influential political organ in England. He had also turned a large deficit into a modest profit, and he now claimed a larger salary as his reward. Though Northcliffe fully recognized the editor's incomparable services, he was annoyed by his financial demand, and a sharp disagreement about imperial preference with *The Observer* and *The Daily Mail* pulling in different directions. The situation could not continue, and Northcliffe, who was much more interested in *The Times* than in *The Observer*, gave Garvin three weeks to find a purchaser for the paper if he could. The Astor family bought the Northcliffe shares and the two supermen parted in peace. In the words of the author, the break reflected credit on both.

Garvin had broken with Northcliffe, and now he was to break with Balfour. After victory in both elections of 1910 and the passage of the Budget, and the veto of the hereditary House by the Parliament Bill, Asquith had secured the assent of the King to the creation of sufficient peers in case of need to pass the measure. So what was the opposition to do? Balfour consulted Garvin and received the advice to force the creation of peers rather than tamely surrender. It was a difficult decision for the Conservative leaders, but after mature reflection they recommended the

upper House to avoid being swamped and its dignity impaired by the creation of hundreds of peers. Their attitude infuriated the so-called die-hards of their party, and the Veto Bill was only carried in the upper House by a narrow majority with the aid of some of the bishops and a few Conservative peers. The die-hards never forgave the veteran Conservative leader and the cry "Balfour must go" (B.M.G.) echoed through the lobbies. Garvin lost faith in the old chief, refused to lead his troops into action and wished for Austen Chamberlain as successor. Had he been chosen, the dynamic editor would doubtless have retained his unique position in the press and the party. Austen, however, was too identified with the food taxes and the choice fell on Bonar Law, who never requested Garvin's advice. The noonday of *The Observer* and its editor was over, and Garvin played no decisive part in the struggle about Home Rule which during the turning last two years of peace brought Ireland within sight of civil war. The story ends with a clash of arms in 1914. Never again was he in any sense a maker of history, and in the inter-war years he almost ceased to count.

G. P. GOOCH

CO-OPERATION WITHOUT COLLECTIVE FARMING

THESE terms are used in the strictly non-political sense. The unprejudiced cannot but be excited by the drive to better things going on all over the world. Yet there is a basic aspect to it all which can present a most obdurate problem. Whatever their political or industrial aspirations, the economic basis of most of the countries now growing into independence is—agriculture. Unfortunately, compared with the most advanced farming to be found in the Commonwealth, this agriculture is often of a very primitive kind. An administration faced with the task of improving agriculture may face also all sorts of difficulties; religious, traditional, and not the least of these, legally established patterns of "fragmentization". There are two solutions. There is the clean sweep and the compulsory collective farm, with all the upheaval, the resentments, the risk of long-drawn resistiveness it may entail. The other is to search for a means by which co-operation may be achieved, without too much interference with established patterns.

It may be surprising to learn that until quite recently Great Britain has had problems of a similar kind. Until 1955, real agricultural progress was greatest upon the large farms which could afford the most effective machinery. These, used only at times for a few weeks in the year, were to the small man an expensive luxury, resulting in his being dependent upon the outside contractor, or where he could not afford this, doing the best he could with antiquated and out-dated machinery, sometimes half a century old.

Two-thirds of British farming was, and still is, in the small man's hands. The idea of a system of collective farming was unthinkable, due mainly to the smaller man's outlook. Farming is his life; he is in it to make a living certainly, but he is also in it because he is a rural individualist whose dearest wish is to be independent, managing his own affairs. Until recently he has regarded borrowing capital as something "not done". Only within the past two or three years does he show signs of awakening to the possibilities of using cheap sources of capital available to him, sources which have immensely benefited larger and possibly more business-like farmers for years. Yet, with his profit becoming increasingly hard to come by, it has been for a long time obvious that he would do better by co-operation, rather than by contriving to exist as part of a society of minutely-divided individualists. The problem was faced by a North Hampshire farmer, A. R. L. Aylward of Farrington, who, with some other prominent men in British agricultural affairs, evolved a scheme by which this co-operation could be achieved without any interference with one's personal integrity and ambitions. It was put to the National Farmers' Union, and the result was that in 1955 a movement called "Farmers' Machinery Syndicates" was born. It began in the County of Hampshire, and its financial arrangements are here outlined.

A credit company, formed by the executive of the Hampshire branch of the National Farmers' Union, called Syndicates Credits Ltd., was instituted, working along the lines advised by Barclay's Bank. Its function was to obtain a loan for any jointly and severally "credit-worthy" syndicates of two farmers upwards, up to 80 per cent of the cost of machinery they wished to buy and share. There were obvious precautions: the machines would set a limit upon the number sharing them, since to overwork them would defeat the object of the movement. The loan would be paid off in four or five years, in six-monthly instalments, at an interest rate payable only on amounts outstanding. One per cent of the total loan would be charged to help cover administrative costs. There would be a "once and for all" levy of £2 from each member, to cover legal work and printing. A Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries example is that of three members wishing to buy and share an implement costing £500. Their full expenses would be, apart from the 20 per cent down paid by the members on delivery, one per cent of 80 per cent of £500, plus £2 per head levy—total £10.

Repayment of loan, and shares in the payment of the 20 per cent down, is left for the syndicates to decide among themselves. A typical example is that of basing payments upon units of one per 20 acres. Supposing four farmers combined to buy and share a combine harvester. Their cereal acreages are say 60, 45, 50 and 25. On the above principle, their payments would be based upon the units of $3\frac{1}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{1}{4}$.

The all-important business of sharing is, of course, the factor by which the system stands or falls. The operations of the syndicate must be understood before beginning, and it is usual to meet and form definite rules about it. It cannot work without good neighbourliness. The obvious question is: supposing a member with a small acreage requires the machine

at the same time as a large farmer member? The position need not arise. Mixed syndicates consisting of large and small farmer members meet to plan their operations as one large productive area, and work the machines accordingly. With understanding between each other, the syndicate is then in exactly the same position as the large farmer with similar acreages and similar machines. The easiest managed syndicates are, of course, those in which all the members are small, for then no one man requires a machine for a long enough period to inconvenience other members, and they generally pay equal shares. Few rules are then necessary, except perhaps where members are sharing harvesting or other seasonal machinery. Again, understanding and good neighbourliness is the basis of sharing. The advantages to the small farmer, especially, are very considerable indeed. He is in ownership of modern machinery which as an individual he might not be able to afford. If he could, he obtains the machine for a fraction of its real cost. This of course releases capital for other developments.

The most striking advantages are financial—cost of operations show, on average, only half that demanded by the outside operator, or two-thirds of that incurred by hiring machinery. One syndicate harvested 207 acres of cereals at a cost, including depreciation, of £382. The outside operator's estimate was £724 10s. A sprayer covered 128 acres for £372: contractor's charge, £692. This very considerable saving is of immense value to small farmer members for further individual farm development. Nor is this all. Dealers must by contract inspect and report on machines at six-monthly intervals, throughout the period of repayment. At the end of the period, therefore, farmers own still first-class machines. These fetch very good second-hand prices, but more usually are traded in for even more up-to-date equipment. One syndicate bought a combine harvester for £1,505, and after four years' use sold it for £1,000, thereby nearly wiping out the heaviest item on their expense sheets—depreciation.

The movement has grown to 65 syndicates, ranging in membership from two to 18 farmers, and is expected to reach a hundred syndicates by the end of this summer. No less than 18 counties have at the time of writing registered similar credit companies. This is a scheme in which a small farmer can co-operate with his larger farmer neighbour, and still retain his own individuality and identity. He can use the most modern machinery as and when necessary, and his operations are immensely reduced in cost. So he improves his buildings, and buys more stock. Estate owners are very much alive to the possibilities. Says Maldwin Drummond, of the Cadland Estate, Fawley, in Hampshire: "I encourage syndicates among my tenant farmers—and join them myself. Their saving not only enables them to improve the value of the farms, but I use my own personal saving in meeting my commitments to the tenants, and to improve the estate generally." The overall result is that, as the movement spreads, more up-to-date machinery than ever before is at work on our farms. It might well be that it is worth a thorough examination by countries whose agriculture shows similar established patterns of "fragmentization".

NORMAN L. GOODLAND

TARIFF BARGAINING

AS Western European countries have moved towards currency convertibility, under their General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade obligations, they have been obliged to abandon discriminatory trade policies, notably against dollar exports. Consequently, quantitative restrictions on trade, exercised through quotas and exchange control, have ceased to be the primary barrier to freer trade and the tariff has re-emerged as the main hindrance. Furthermore, concurrent with this development, there have been indications that a more involved form of tariff structure was being adopted by a number of countries, not least by those States within the Commonwealth.

As a recent example, when the Government of Australia announced that higher tariffs were to be placed on imported textiles in order to protect their local industry, the envisaged flat rate increase brought protests. The higher duty, it was argued, would have secured its objective of keeping out low priced Asian cloths, but exports of higher priced Lancashire goods would have also been severely curtailed, and this was not the primary intention. Accordingly, under the new tariff structure, the British preferential rate is 2s. 6d per square yard, less 15 per cent, with a minimum of 1s. 6d, while the Most Favoured Rule is 2s. 8½d per square yard, less 15 per cent, with a minimum of 1s. 8½d. On a fabric costing 80d or more per square yard, the duty remains at 1s. 6d, but for each fall of 10d in the value of a cloth a rise of 1½d in duty results. Thus a British fabric costing 40d per square yard pays a duty equivalent to 56 per cent, while a Japanese fabric costing, say, 10d per square yard pays the equivalent of 310 per cent. In effect then, British exporters stand to gain from the preference afforded them under the new tariff *vis-à-vis* other foreign traders competing in the Australian market, albeit noted that the tariff, in practice, means that the Dominion Government is going to drown these foreign traders in 10 feet of water and British competitors in five feet.

A critical round of world-wide tariff talks under the auspices of the G.A.T.T. are scheduled. These negotiations will be the most difficult ever attempted by the 39 members of the Agreement in view of the new found importance of the tariff coupled with the fact that past negotiations have squeezed a fair amount of the water out of national tariffs. Further reductions will have a greater impact than hitherto and many an exposed business nerve is threatened with hurt. A fact, of course, which is going to touch off a sustained bout of tariff lobbying and log rolling. Meanwhile it is nearly impossible to get the Government to look at any applications for a tariff reduction as the following will instance. A recent suggestion in the House of Commons by the Liberal Member for Bolton West, Mr. Arthur F. Holt, that the 33½ per cent import duty on tyres should be removed in view of the report of the Monopolies Commission was rejected. The reason given by the President of the Board of Trade was that there was a tariff which could be used as a bargaining weapon. Such an answer was to be expected, incidentally, for as any regular reader

of Hansard well knows, this protectionist sophism is part of the Ministry's stock-in-trade when replying to Free Traders.

The fallacy underlying the reasoning that we need a tariff as a bargaining weapon to secure as large markets for our exports as possible on the basis of fair give-and-take is readily exposed however. The fact is that the advantage which a policy of freedom possesses over one of protection does not, and never has been believed to, depend upon its being reciprocated. Agreed, the high customs duties of other countries inflict an injury upon us because they put a check on exchange; this burden upon the outward branch of our foreign trade diminishes both our imports and our exports. But for this country then to raise tariffs, albeit temporarily, would add a further burden upon the inward branch of trade and both branches would be diminished still further. Additionally, it should be noted, one finds that these temporary bargaining tariffs swiftly assume a permanence for they stimulate the development of vested interests which trenchantly resist their removal when it is sought to reach a *quid pro quo* tariff arrangement with a foreign State.

The G.A.T.T. talks will be important, of course, for reasons apart from the proposed world-wide negotiations for a general round of tariff barrier reductions. Indeed, there will be three other significant features to be noted. First, the world is about to be given a chance to establish a working arrangement with the European Common Market countries. And, in this connection, the evidence suggests that the "Six" are not going to reduce their common tariff which is generally high, on most items, incidentally, against outsiders, unless they get very substantial concessions in return. Secondly, it is proposed that a realistic approach should be made towards the problems created for international trade by national protectionism in the field of agricultural and food products. This, it may be noted, is due to the fact that there is a growing recognition of the fact that the present system is wasteful and uneconomic in its use of resources and impairs the prospects for an expansion in world trade based upon comparative costs and efficiencies. Finally, there is a growing awareness that underdeveloped countries are gradually increasing their own output and are knocking insistently at the tariff doors of the industrial nations. Merely for the G.A.T.T. to establish such a programme, however, is one thing; to carry it out will be quite another matter.

LYNDON H. JONES

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC PORTS

EASTERN Germany's Communist régime is currently engaged in a major effort to put its new, separate flag on the high seas in a big way. Shipyard construction, port development and shipbuilding all have been given top priority in the economic planning of the Grotewohl

Government. All this is part of a concerted drive by Soviet Bloc countries to undercut Hamburg's traditional supremacy in North European shipping and also to take a slice of Copenhagen's maritime cake in the process. Along with the "German Democratic Republic", Poland is pushing ahead in this field, while Czechoslovakia is helping both these Communist sister nations by re-routing as much as possible of her overseas commerce from the old-established Elbe River outlet *via* Hamburg to East German and Polish ports. While the actual amount of this realignment in shipping may not yet be very great, the trend is being watched with rising concern in Hamburg shipping and Government circles. For Central Europe's traditional gateway to the Atlantic may come to suffer grievously from it.

Here are some pertinent figures to illustrate this development: shipments emanating from, or destined for Czechoslovakia by way of Hamburg have declined steadily from 1.1 million tons in 1957 to one million in 1958 and 825,000 tons in 1959. On the other hand, Eastern Germany's overseas trade *via* Hamburg dropped from 1.8 million tons in 1956 to 1.4 million in 1957 and one million tons in 1958, then increased slightly again to 1.2 million tons in 1959. In the same period the shipping turnover of the three major Polish seaports expanded from 14,215,000 tons in 1957 to 16,936,000 tons in 1958 (thereof: Danzig, 5,363,000; Gdynia, 5,237,000 and Stettin, 6,336,000 tons) and to 18,500,000 tons in 1959. This increase was due in large measure to systematic diversion of Czechoslovak, East German and Hungarian shipments from Hamburg to the said Polish ports under the co-ordinated Soviet Bloc planning known at COMECON.

Potentially even more serious than this Polish competition is the forcible development, by the East German régime, of the formerly somnolent Mecklenburg harbours of Wismar, Rostock and Stralsund. Before the last war all three together had an annual turnover of only 780,000 tons, which consisted chiefly of indigenous goods of the Baltic area, such as grain, timber, stones, etc. By 1958, however, the combined volume of goods in transit through these ports had risen to 3,262,000 tons, of which Wismar accounted for 1,696,000 and Rostock for 901,000, while Stralsund came last with 665,800 tons. If 1959 target figures were reached, the total turnover for this year will have been 4,200,000 tons.

All this is only a beginning. For, since 1957, a most ambitious scheme is afoot that aims at nothing less than to dispute Hamburg's pre-eminence as Northern Europe's leading shipping centre by developing Rostock into a rival—and Communist-controlled—"gateway to the world". This enterprise has all the earmarks of an artificial creation, dictated by strategic and political rather than by economic considerations. Indeed, the plan to expand Rostock from a Baltic harbour of purely local importance into a major international shipping centre took shape on the heels of an inspection, in 1957, by the Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan. Here in Hamburg, well-informed shipping men are convinced that the forced development of Rostock sprang from a Russian rather than an East German initiative and that it is being financed directly with Soviet funds.

Rostock is not naturally suited for its intended rôle as a Central

European "gateway to the world". Unlike Hamburg, which for centuries has relied on the great Elbe River to carry goods back and forth all the way across Germany and far into Bohemia, Rostock lies at the mouth of a small stream, the Warnow, which cannot be navigated by large vessels. Hence the bulk of the shipments through Rostock must be transferred there to trucks or railroad freight cars. This is an uneconomic procedure and far more costly than shipping *via* Hamburg—but who in the Soviet orbit ever cared about such considerations if the weight of political and strategic argument was on the other side? East Germany's big new overseas shipping centre is to arise about halfway between the city of Rostock and the Baltic resort town of Warnemuende ("Mouth of the Warnow"), some nine miles to the north. Between these two points the Warnow forms a sort of lagoon called "Breitling". On the southern bank of this water body, at the village of Petersdorf (about four miles north of Rostock), two large water basins are under construction with docks capable of accommodating seagoing vessels of up to 10,000 gross tons, for the time being. Upon completion of the first stage of this port development, the first 10,000-ton ships are due to dock at the "Rostock Overseas Port" immediately.

At the end of the third stage of construction, in 1968, the new port is expected to accommodate vessels of up to 28,000 gross tons, after the harbour channel has been deepened from 31 to 36 feet. According to the timetable set by the East German planners, the new overseas port will handle a steadily growing volume of cargo, as follows: 1960, 2.8 million tons; 1962, 3.7 million; 1963, 4.6.; 1964, 6.1; 1965, 6.9; and 1967, 15,000,000 tons. If the last target figure is actually reached, Rostock, in seven years, will have supplanted Copenhagen as the number two port of Northern Europe, for the latter's annual volume of about 12 million tons is not expected to increase materially in coming years.

Ultimately the East Germans hope to make Rostock into a port with an annual turnover of 20,000,000 tons, which would bring it into roughly the same class as Hamburg, where 29.1 million tons were handled in 1959. Hamburg shipping men, however, decry these targets as fantastic; they think that if Rostock ever gets in reach of an annual turnover of six million tons, it will be doing fine. Danish shipping men, by contrast, are not so confident that the East Germans cannot do it. One of Copenhagen's leading dailies, *Politiken*, recently devoted considerable space to East Germany's "Baltic expansion" and expressed concern over what this might do to Danish trade. In *Politiken's* view, the port of Copenhagen may come to suffer doubly as a result of the Rostock scheme, for a hard-pressed Hamburg would be likely to try to get some of its own back by snatching, in its turn, some of Copenhagen's overseas shipping.

East Germany's other two major harbours, Wismar and Stralsund, are also due for expansion, though on a much more modest scale. The overall plan is to raise the cargo-handling capacity of these three ports to 7.5 million tons in 1960 and 11.2 million tons in 1965. Originally Wismar had been intended to become East Germany's "overseas port", but its unfavourable location proved too big an obstacle to overcome. Stralsund,

which at present handles only ships of up to 2,000 deadweight tons, also was out of the question. That left only Rostock, as the best of three poor choices. For Rostock, too, lacks the network of inland waterways that is indispensable for the making of a great port. Ambitious plans to connect Rostock with the Elbe River, and even with Berlin, by means of a far-flung network of canals, have had to be abandoned because of insuperable technical and financial difficulties. An east-west canal to Stralsund is in the making, and will forge a link with Oder shipping, but it will at best be able to take off only a fraction of the cargo Rostock expects to handle a few years hence. The bulk of it will have to continue by road or by rail. For this reason the West Germans, who look upon the whole scheme with understandable scorn, have dubbed Greater Rostock a "*Hafen ohne Hinterland*" (Harbour without Hinterland).

One thing is sure: it is a costly undertaking that is expected to swallow about one billion "East Marks", as compared with 500 million "West Marks" that have been spent on the rehabilitation and expansion of the Port of Hamburg since the war (not counting private investments of about the same size). To this the East Germans reply: "Nevertheless, it is worth it, for we shall save a lot of foreign currency that way." Indeed, according to an authoritative East German journal, "our republic has been spending about 800 million roubles a year—mostly in dollars and pounds—on the chartering of foreign ships and on transit charges in foreign ports." By way of illustration, this paper reported that "it costs us 70,000 dollars to import 2,000 tons of Egyptian cotton *via* Hamburg!"

Hand in hand with this port development goes an equally determined expansion of existing shipyard facilities and of the merchant fleet under the East German flag. In both respects impressive results have been achieved. Before the 1939-1945 war there existed along the vast stretch of Baltic shoreline now controlled by the D.D.R. only one major shipyard, the Neptun Werft of Rostock, which accounted for about four per cent of German shipbuilding. Today, by contrast, five large shipyards are in operation in the same area, which together turn out about 25 per cent of all ships built in Germany. Not only shipyards, moles, docks and other port facilities are being expanded in East Germany, but the merchant fleet is growing fast too. As recently as five years ago Eastern Germany's entire merchant marine consisted of one seagoing freighter, the 4,500-ton (dwt.) *Rostock*. Today it is composed of 40 ships, aggregating more than 200,000 deadweight tons. By the end of 1960 total tonnage under the East German flag is expected to reach 263,500 dwt. and at the end of the current Seven-Year-Plan, in 1965, it is to be 480,000 deadweight tons. Eastern Germany's State-owned shipping company, the "Deutsche Seereederei", already operates regular freight services to the Soviet Union, Albania, the U.A.R., Finland and the Low Countries. Others are to be added in the near future, as East Germany's bid for maritime importance is pushed further ahead.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

Hamburg.

ARAB NATIONALISM

IN May, 1954, I was crossing an Alexandria square. It was during the dramatic Neguib-Nasser crises, and the populace were plainly bewildered, wondering which personality was to focus the new Egypt for them. There was a lad selling children's balloons. Some of the blown-up samples had a motif stamped upon them; was it Donald Duck or a cowboy hero upon the pleasant blobs of colour waving lightly in the breeze? On nearer inspection, the features clarified to the smile and forceful nose of Gamal Abdel Nasser. Someone at least had decided whom to back, and it was not long before public events, as well as children's balloons, showed whose star was in the ascendant. That was six years ago and Nasser is still in command. The purpose of this article is not to recapitulate events but to try to evaluate the present position of the United Arab Republic in today's clash of ideologies. As is well-known there was a change in the Soviet approach to Egypt in the middle 'fifties—a change from indifference or criticism, to support and tolerance of anti-Communist expressions. This attitude paved the way for President Nasser's concept of "positive neutralism", that is, being pro-East and pro-West but anti-Communist and anti-imperialistic. Some may think it an exaggeration to say that Nasser has been in any way pro-Western since Suez, but close observers can point, time and again, to expressions of his conditional friendship. Let one suffice here: a cartoon in the Cairo press in which Nasser is shown as a jovial innkeeper. He holds a welcoming hand to Mr. Macmillan, who approaches the door asking if there is room for him within. "Certainly there is room," says Nasser, "but I'm afraid you'll have to leave your dog behind." It is a ferocious bulldog labelled "zones of influence".

The pertinent question about "positive neutralism" is this: can it be called an ideology? Communists know that they have one—an idea that dominates the whole of a person, his motives, his thinking, his living, which involves a strategy to get others to live the same way. Communists fear but one thing. That is another global ideology, which is superior to theirs. Here is the crux of the matter. George Dimitrov, when Secretary-General of the Communist International, said in his speech to its Seventh Congress: "We are sometimes accused of departing from our Communist principles. We should not be . . . disciples of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, if we were not capable of completely altering our tactics and our mode of action as circumstances may dictate. But all the ins and outs of our tactics are directed to a single end—the world revolution." Because they have an ideology they can take the initiative. They can play the tune. The present tune is a merry jig called "Co-existence through Culture and Trade", by which nations are to dance their way to domination. Are the leaders of the United Arab Republic beginning to sense this? Do they feel a current that could suck them involuntarily into something feared and disliked. If that is so then Nasser and his colleagues are ideologically ahead of most Western countries who are in process of swallowing the co-existence and trade line.

There are certainly leaders and people in Egypt who are ready to speak

out on Communism, besides the President himself. Among them is the Director General of the Cultural Department of al-Azhar, the ancient university which teaches Islamic subjects to some 22,000 students from many lands. He declared that Communism was "the deadliest plague that ever afflicted the human race". Publications issued by the Russian Embassy in Cairo have been banned because "they would pollute the university and offend our students". The Director said that Moslem and Christian authors should devote themselves to explaining the dangers of atheism and Communism and refrain from criticizing each other's religion. A number of Egyptians known to the writer have expressed themselves forcibly after official visits to Russia and Poland: "You cannot breathe freely till you get away." "They are not sincere, they are hoodwinking us." In the meantime leaders and people are pouring all they know into their concept of Arab Nationalism. This has a deep emotional appeal, but it is practised as well as proclaimed and this means more than heady words. Anyone who follows a good, illustrated paper from Cairo, such as the weekly *Mussawar*, cannot but come to this conclusion. The spread of education and co-operation, the interest of peasant men and women in their country, the alert new industrial worker are all depicted there. Their enthusiasm and pride of achievement are unmistakable. Yet Russian technical helpers still feature in articles and photos; the experts at work on the High Dam with their families are a matter of great interest, so is the Aswan book-shop full of Chinese propaganda in Arabic. A glance at the contents of some literary magazines show numerous articles translated from the Russian. Singing and dancing troupes from Georgia, Soviet Armenia and Yugoslavia have given high-class performances recently, to mention just a few of the cultural invasions.

For all their "stringless" aid and apparent indifference to Nasser's anti-Communist gestures, world Communism is fighting an intense battle for domination of the United Arab Republic. Mr. Laqueur, in his book, *The Soviet Union and the Middle East*, writes of E. M. Zukov's opinion expressed in 1957: "At the present time the anti-imperialist movement in Asia and the Middle East was led by parties and groups very far removed from Communism . . . But for the Marxist-Leninist [says Zukov] 'what matters is not so much the subjective tendency, as the objective consequences of those actions and their real historic importance.' In other words, no Communist should be put off by the insistence of national leaders that their movements were 'integral nationalist' and that they would follow their own independent way. The Communist assumption was that the logic of events would gradually propel these national movements towards 'Popular Democracy' though their leaders did not want it and had never envisaged such a development." A vital but unpalatable truth is that every word of the above is as true in essence for Britain today as it is for Asia and the Middle East. Therein is great danger but also great hope, if it is once grasped, because we are not then in a position to point the finger, to be didactic or to preach. What we can say to Nasser is that he and we now face a common problem and the only sensible course is to face it together. Communism understands ideology, has a self-stated

aim of world domination, and fears but one thing—the emergence of a superior ideology, thought out and above all lived out in the lives of ordinary men and leaders in the so-called free and so-called neutral nations. The U.A.R. and the U.K. need each other here and now, and, unless the signs of the times are grossly misleading, will need each other still more in the future.

The Arab World and the West could take this ideological initiative together, learning in equal partnership as they proceed. Generous, sincere and sustained friendship is immeasurably important, but it is not the whole answer. Without an overarching alternative to Communism, friendship can degenerate into well-meaning overtures mutually given but misunderstood, or understood but irrelevant. It will take grace, courage and sincerity to begin. Yet grace, courage and sincerity are likely to breed their kind, just as recriminations breed theirs. If a new understanding were to be born between the United Kingdom and the United Arab Republic it could be a pattern for twisted relationships the world over. The Moral Re-armament manifesto, "Ideology and Co-existence" speaks thus: "There are two ideologies bidding for the world. One is Moral Re-armament that believes that God's mind should control the world through human nature that has been changed; the other is Communism, that believes that man's mind should control the world through human nature that has been exploited. One or the other must win . . . William Penn put the alternative of Moral Re-armament or Communism clearly when he said: 'Men must choose to be governed by God or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants.'" The United Arab Republic and the United Kingdom both have a vital part to play in this fundamental issue.

MARY ROWLATT

SOUTH SLESVIG IN 1960: I

THE ninth of April this year was the 20th anniversary of the invasion of Denmark by German troops, and during that month the Danish newspapers were recalling this sad event. At four o'clock of the morning the German Ambassador at Copenhagen woke up the Danish Foreign Secretary and told him that the Germans had evidence that British troops and Air forces were about to seize bases in Denmark, and therefore it had been necessary for the Germans to occupy the country. He pointed to the sky above, which was black with the German bombers and informed him that resistance was absolutely hopeless. The Foreign Minister replied that they had no evidence whatsoever of any invasion or any intention on the part of the British authorities to occupy any bases in Denmark. The Danish troops had already started an heroic resistance in Jutland, and on the square in front of the Royal Palace in Copenhagen the Lifeguards had begun a very bold attack. There is no doubt that, led by their gallant Commander-in-Chief, they would have fought to the last man in exactly the same way as the Swiss Guard on August 10, 1792, had defended the Tuileries; but the King was determined to put an end to this useless bloodshed, and in spite of the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief ordered the Lifeguards to give up the hopeless struggle.

The Danish Government drew up a formal protest in which they repudiated the so-called information that the country was about to be occupied by British troops and that the Germans had come in to defend it. The German troops, who advanced into Jutland and occupied the islands, told the inhabitants—and Danes have so informed me—that the German soldiers genuinely believed it—"we have come to protect you against the British." The soldiers had been told this by their officers and with usual German gullibility they took it all in. The Danes had a non-aggression pact with the Germans signed just before war broke out, and on September 1, 1939, the Government had issued a proclamation of neutrality which they were absolutely determined to observe. For five years the people carried on an heroic resistance, largely aided by British parachutists who landed with munitions of all kinds, and the sabotage of German factories reached large dimensions.

When the news was announced through the B.B.C. on May 5, 1945, that the Germans had capitulated in Holland, in North East Germany and in Denmark, the rejoicing throughout the country was unbounded. The leaders of the Resistance Movement came out of hiding and, in uniforms which had been put to one side, advanced in lorries to occupy all strategic points. A coalition Government was formed consisting not merely of politicians but also of leaders of the Resistance Movement. The occupation cost Denmark, at the very lowest estimate reckoned in pounds sterling, £550 million—a staggering sum for such a small country of not more than 4,000,000 inhabitants. As I told the House of Commons in more than one speech, it would have been perfectly possible and would have been fully justifiable if Denmark, having suffered this unprovoked attack, had advanced with her troops and occupied the whole of Slesvig down to the ancient border of the Eider. The Danes would only have been doing what the French did when in that glorious year 1918 their troops re-occupied Alsace and Lorraine. Let it be remembered that this Prussian seizure of Slesvig had lasted only six more years than the German occupation of Alsace and Lorraine. I told the House that I was certain that had the Danes taken that action it would have been welcomed by public opinion in the United Kingdom, the United States and throughout the continent of Europe. But the Danes did not re-occupy their ancient territory.

In speaking to the House I insisted that the territory of Slesvig was purely and wholly Danish, and in fact the Danish occupation goes back to A.D. 811. At Rendsburg on the frontier between Slesvig and Holstein—that is to say on the River Eider—was an ancient stone, a photograph of which I passed round the House. It bears the inscription *Eidora Romani terminus imperii*, that is to say, "the Eider is the boundary of the Holy Roman Empire", in other words the Eider is the boundary of Germany. The death of King Frederick of Denmark on November 15, 1863, brought the Slesvig-Holstein question to an acute stage at a most critical moment, after having been the terror of the European Chanceries for more than a decade. Palmerston's jest about this highly complicated problem is well known: "Only three men have ever understood it. One was Prince Albert, who is dead, the second was a German professor who went mad. I am

the third, and I have forgotten all about it."

The elements of the question can be easily summarized. Before 1864 Denmark was much larger than it is now. It extended to the outskirts of Hamburg; Altona, now a suburb of Hamburg, was a Danish city. The King of Denmark ruled over three distinct countries which were united only by a personal union. First was the Kingdom of Denmark proper, which included the islands in the Baltic and the northernmost part of the Jutland peninsula, of which the population was of purely Danish stock. Next there was the southern part of this peninsula called the Duchy of Slesvig which was mostly Danish in population, especially in the North. South again was the German Duchy of Holstein—inherited by the Danish King Christian I in 1460, of which the population was of German stock. Of the two Duchies Holstein was part of the German Confederation. Consequently, the King of Denmark was as Duke of Holstein a member of the Confederation and his representative sat in the Diet in Frankfurt. Slesvig was outside the German Confederation which had absolutely no authority over it. King Frederick VII died in 1863 without leaving any children. The question of who should succeed him in the Kingdom of Denmark on the one hand and the Duchies on the other had been hotly disputed for many years. The Duke of Augustenburg claimed the throne of the two Duchies. A conference was convened in London, and a treaty was signed in May, 1852, which settled the problem of succession by declaring Prince Christian of Glücksburg heir to the throne of Denmark as well as to that of the Duchies. The Duke of Augustenburg concluded a treaty with the King of Denmark under which he promised on his princely honour for himself and his family not to do anything "by which peace in the territories of the Danish King might be disturbed or endangered, and not to oppose the settling of the succession and the constitution." The Duke handed over to the Danish King his extensive landed property in the Duchies, and in return received a payment equivalent to £400,000. On the sudden death of Frederick VII, Prince Christian ascended the throne as King of Denmark and Duke of Slesvig and Holstein; but Prince Frederick, the eldest son of the Duke of Augustenburg, issued a proclamation under which he assumed the government of the Duchies. The population of Holstein argued that the succession to the throne of their Duchy could not be altered without their consent, and that their representatives, the *Stände*, had never given it. For them the Augustenburger was their Duke, treaty or no treaty.

It must be pointed out that Prussia had neither in law nor in history the smallest title to either of the Duchies. The British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Andrew Buchanan, a shrewd Scot, wrote in his despatch of December 12, 1863: "May not the war for the Duchies assume a character by which Prussia as the principal belligerent lays claim to the territories, which she will have conquered? I shall be surprised if Bismarck does not endeavour to obtain more solid advantage for Prussia than the honour of having placed a Prince of Augustenburg on the ducal throne of Slesvig-Holstein." Buchanan read Bismarck's mind correctly, as we shall see in a subsequent article.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY

To be continued.

AN INDIAN LOOKS AT RUSSIA

"ONE planet, one life, peaceful co-existence, more contact and friendship—example, Soviet Union and India." It was a sentence in the long explanation of Russia's relations with non-Communist countries by my host in Moscow, a senior official of the Komsomol (youth wing of the Communist Party of Russia). It was clear to me that by non-Communist countries he meant, though he did not exactly say so, such countries in Asia, and more particularly those that were un-aligned with either of the two major power groups. This friendly reference to my country at the beginning of my visit to Russia was a prelude to my hearing in the subsequent weeks numerous compliments to India and expressions of friendship and affection for her. They came from various sections of the people—from the high executives of the Party and the Government to the farm and factory workers. Most of them were of a political nature, in the context of international relations and peace. But some were unpolitical and quite revealing. A Siberian jet pilot, sitting opposite me at breakfast in the train became rather emotional while talking about his love for India. As a token of this he presented me with a book (bought on the spot from a vendor in the train) after knowing me for less than half-an-hour. The chairman of a collective farm in Georgia proposed over ten toasts to India and myself. "Today was my day off after three nights' duty," said the simple sun-burnt Russian captain of the trawler in which we were out on a fishing trip in the Baltic, giving me a hug, "but I have rushed back from home on hearing that an Indian was coming to visit us." A factory director in Riga, rather carried away by his enthusiasm, grew quite personal. "I would be proud to have a son like you," he told me with a hand on my shoulder. The appearance of my countrymen was not excluded. "Oh! Indians are the most beautiful people, I love them," observed a Ukrainian girl, herself a beauty, sitting beside me in the aeroplane. How does one conceal one's embarrassment and find appropriate words of thanks?

The friendliness of the Russian people naturally found a ready response in me. Their great achievements which for many years I admired from a distance, I now had the chance to see for myself. At times they certainly dazzled me and, coupled with the great warmth and hospitality of the people, perhaps also made me partial, weakening my resolve to look at things objectively. But I regained control of myself and tried to find, while in the country, answers to some of the questions that often occupied my mind. What really was Russia's approach to India or, for that matter, to other countries of Asia, especially those that did not belong to either of the power groups?

It became apparent to me that according to Russia, un-aligned status, short of becoming a Communist State, was the best; in other words, the second best. My feeling was strengthened that Russia genuinely wanted peace, so that she found in a country like India some common broad objectives. There was an increased realization of India's political position in Asia and the world today. Any influence Russia might have with India, apart from being a political gain in itself, would have a considerable effect

in other un-aligned countries. But I felt in Russia there was also a genuine interest in India's contribution to the realm of thought and culture. I was touched by the sincerity and devotion of some of the senior members of the Institute of Oriental Studies in Moscow when they said: "We have spent much of our adult life in the study of Indian history and literature." The scholarly works on these and other related subjects that they produced were ample testimony. I was quite staggered to see at the Foreign Language Publishing House in Moscow the extent of printing, or re-printing, of books from India and other Asian countries, both in the original languages and in the many languages of Russia. These included classics as well as modern literature. When I was visiting a hostel for university students in Riga, one of them showed me with enthusiasm her copy of the Latvian translation of a novel by Tagore. "We put Tagore by the side of Pushkin and Tolstoy" said a young lecturer of the Leningrad University. There are fairly extensive arrangements to teach Indian and other major Asian languages in Russia. In Moscow and Leningrad I spoke in Hindi and Bengali with some Russians, and on some occasions my interpreters were Hindi-speaking. In the woods of Lesnie Paliana near Moscow over a thousand young Pioneers (principal children's organization in Russia) were camping for the summer. "Our library is well-stocked with books of Indian fables; they are a favourite with the children" said a member of the staff. One little girl recounted a story to me which I had read as a boy. On several occasions young people spoke to me about Indian films, which they had often seen, and hummed the tunes of Indian songs.

It was clear that Russia wanted an Asian visitor to gain the best impressions. But I found myself wondering sometimes if Russia takes into adequate account her visitors' powers of discrimination while showing them the country. I felt the Russians were even more polite to an Asian than to one from, say, Europe or America. It would, however, be naïve for a visitor like me to say that I did not notice any political motive behind this. But even an Indian, or Asian, visitor must beware to avoid doing anything contrary to the code of behaviour that obtains as a guest. Once in the course of a discussion I remarked, in sincerity and earnestness, that today the principles and pattern of Socialism perhaps needed to be viewed in the light of the great changes that had taken place since Marx wrote his thesis. The weighty official used his weighty fist for a bang on his polished desk to add force to his answer and close the argument: "That is clear Revisionism, we cannot allow that. Everything has to be within Marxism-Leninism!" It was a common practice for my hosts, after their long explanations, to ask me for comments. I normally excused myself by saying that I had a very different background, our way of functioning was very different and that I came to learn. They seemed to appreciate this. Once, however, when pressed for comments, my critical nature probably got the better of me. My remarks about the position of religion in Russia, which I had made with a view to understanding the situation better, were obviously disliked. Glumness filled the room. One of my hosts who had earlier offered to see me off at the railway station next day did not show up. While receiving so much friendship and consideration in the most natural way in Russia, you can suddenly find yourself in an

argument without realizing it. Once I had suggested something in connection with my programme, which I thought was natural for a person in my position to do. I was suitably answered on the spot and, as a longer consequence, the car did not turn up to take me for my appointment later in the day. However, at dinner in the evening my hosts were their usual genial selves, showing no sign that anything had happened in the morning.

Until a few years ago Europe or the United States were the places where students and trainees of India and other Asian countries would go. Now they also go to Russia, where I met some of them. It is a strange new experience, this way of life and of doing things in Russia and the temperament of the people. But the Russian authorities take great pains to make the stay of these foreign students comfortable and happy. They gradually learn the language and settle down. Of course in Russia there are large numbers of students from China and other Communist countries. Their case is different. But most of those who come from non-Communist countries—usually sent by their Governments—have no special political affiliations. And it seemed unlikely to me that they would develop any particular sympathy for Communism after their stay in Russia. In fact, some were rather disillusioned and their enthusiasm for Russia was on the wane.

I felt that while general Indian literature was widely studied by Russians, they knew very little about present conditions in India. I surprised a student audience in Leningrad by saying that India's present economic policy was fashioned on Socialist lines and that several parties would contest an election. "Is your Socialism then different from what we have in the Soviet Union?" asked one of them. Another student was bold enough to ask about India's views on Hungary. Were these young people still exercised over the repercussions of Hungarian events? They showed almost childlike curiosity about the outside world, seeming to ask: "Tell us all about your country and others that you know!" My sessions with official groups, that is, representatives of the Government and the Party, were rather one-sided and usually long, often lasting three or four hours. My hosts were extremely patient, indeed eager, to answer any questions, to tell me how Communism functioned in Russia and of her many achievements. Of course, to know and to see that for myself was exactly the purpose of my visit. But never did they ask me about India, nor did we discuss any of the other world issues. Were their minds devoid of all curiosity? Or, were they afraid of their "conscience being corrupted" by the thought of bourgeois activities? "India is a great country, a champion of freedom and peace, her people gifted and intelligent. We love India, we would do everything to help you, just tell us what you need. We should like to develop closer relationships between our two countries. More and more Indians should visit us and we should also like to send more of our people to your country." This was more or less the common theme of remarks that I heard in various parts of Russia. I had not the least doubt about the sincerity of feeling behind them. They naturally warmed my heart and drew me closer to Russia. I am all for friendship and exchange of visits. But I thought to myself: "Would they allow that young man from Leningrad to go and see for himself how democracy functioned in

India? Would they allow him to choose books and magazines dealing with conditions in the non-Communist world? Would the Russians be able to listen to the views of their guests without showing displeasure?"

Russian youth today reads voraciously, both his own and other literatures. Foreign books are carefully chosen by the authorities, and such of them as may weaken faith in Communism are naturally not allowed. But when teachers and librarians warmly spoke of the popularity of the general European and Indian literature in Russia, I wondered how they could prevent the influence on their readers. How are they going to stop the youth of Russia imbibing something of the humanism and freedom of thought of Shakespeare or Tagore when they pore over their works? Occasional remarks and certain impressions would set me thinking on rather different lines. Was Russia beginning to feel that India for whom she showed so much friendship might become a problem for her and for modern Communism? What effect would the success of the Indian experiment of achieving economic and social justice in a democratic way, and her stand on various national and international issues, have on Russia and other Communist countries? Would it lessen the appeal of Communism, or effect any basic change in the Communist pattern?

My love and enthusiasm for Russia has neither increased nor lessened after my month's stay. But possibly my interest, to know more about the country and her way of doing things, has increased. It was of course a life's experience for me to know a new people in a new society. The looks and manners of the Russians and the words they used were familiar enough to me; yet they were totally different from the people I had known in other parts of the world. Even the words and phrases they used, though common enough, meant one thing to them but another to me. The virtues and shortcomings of Communism are more apparent to me now. I think, in practical terms, some of the Russian methods of doing things, especially taking quick decisions and their execution, could be used with profit in under-developed countries. Also the capacity of the Russians to apply their mind and energy to a thing and to strive on, overcoming all obstacles until success is achieved, is truly astonishing. But I seemed to notice a new kind of bureaucracy, red-tape if you like, in Russia, even in simple things like meals (to be ordered the previous day in an hotel), or laundry, or transport.

My visual impressions of the spectacular achievements of Russia in many fields, 'changing the face of the country, will long keep my mind filled. But the picture of her lovable people will perhaps stay with me the longest, with their natural charm and simplicity and warmth. They were different, of course, but nonetheless irresistible. They were living images of the characters depicted by the great Russian writers of past centuries. The physical arrangements for my stay, accommodation, food, visits, etc., could not be bettered. I lived in the utmost comfort, and had only to express a wish for it to be granted instantly. I had the fullest freedom to go where I wanted and to see anything or to talk to anyone I liked. One does not quite know how to thank one's hosts for such care and kindness. But in spite of all this, I had some kind of "shut-up" feeling. It was my constant endeavour to let myself go in abandon, to become

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one of them, to be identified with the Russians. In some things I succeeded; in others I came up against a wall. A good deal of it was invisible. There were no barriers to be felt or seen. But my spirit seemed to come back from the wide horizon of Russia and whisper: "I feel tethered!"

It could be a joke or a serious offer (I should like to believe the latter) when my host said: "Stay as long as you like. If you live here long enough we should be very happy to make you a citizen of the Soviet Union and thus honour ourselves." Thank you very much indeed. But I am sorry, I don't think I can quite do that—accept such honour—in spite of my great love for Russia. But I should like to come back to your great country, not once but many times, and continue my voyage of discovery of a new civilization. I would bring messages of friendship from my countrymen for the Soviet people. I would expose myself fully to Soviet Communism in order to know more and profit from this great experiment. I would follow with a scholar's devotion Lenin's great dictum to Soviet youth: "Learn, learn and learn." But one thing I shall not do; I shall not let such power of critical judgment as I have leave me.

HIRALAL BOSE

RUMANIAN JOURNEY

COMMUNIST authorities in Rumania are eager to welcome travellers from free countries if for no other reason because of the foreign currency they bring along. Having learned how tourism has earned handsome dividends in the west of Europe, this country, along with other Balkan States, has been pushing enterprises, such as luxury resorts on the Black Sea coast, in the hope of attracting visitors from abroad. Yet to obtain visas for entry and to depart is a much more time—and patience—consuming process than in the case of Yugoslavia, for example, and customs inspection at the frontier is far more searching than one encounters upon entering the Soviet Union.

Our journey by motorbus from Vienna carried us straight across Hungary with stops at Győr (Raab) and Szolnok for snacks and at Budapest for two meals, although permission to linger in the country overnight was denied. Most of the party consisted of German-speaking Rumanians who during the second world war, hearkening to the siren call of Adolf Hitler, had gone off to Germany to fight in the Nazi armies or to serve in civilian capacities. After the war these "Saxons" or "Swabians", whose ancestors had trekked into Transylvania or the Banat of Temesvar centuries ago, were not permitted to return to their wives, families and friends in Rumania, nor have the latter been allowed to emigrate to the Federal German Republic. Only recently have "Saxons" been permitted to go to their native land for short visits and at that they are kept under rather close surveillance by official escorts. Witnessing the reunions of husbands and wives who have been separated for anywhere from 17 to 20 years is

a heart-rending experience.

As in other Iron Curtain lands, travel arrangements must be negotiated through the official State tourist agency—Carpathian Tourist; it arranges for accommodation in hotels, which are comfortable and clean, for meals, and for trips to spots of interest. It is something of a surprise to discover goat cheese and ham on your breakfast plate, with tea, cocoa or coffee covered by a thick mantle of whipped cream, as the beverage. Natives favour a small dosage of ardent spirits half an hour before breakfast to set brain and muscles in active operation at the beginning of the day. Representatives of Carpathian Tourist keep watch and ward over visitors nearly all the time; naturally enough, these escorts are carefully chosen on the basis of demonstrated devotion to the Communist régime, linguistic attainments and pleasing personality. They are well-posted on what is going on inside the country, eager to put an optimistic interpretation on the shape of things to come, and grossly ignorant of moods and developments in the free lands of the West. Except for Communist sheets, no foreign newspapers are admitted to Rumania and foreign radio broadcasts are effectively jammed, so that Rumanians in the mass have only false or wildly distorted notions of what is happening beyond the orbit of the Iron Curtain. "Mass production" rules tourist traffic as so many other facets of Rumanian life; individual tourism is frowned upon as is shown in one way by charges four times higher than if one enters with a party. The traveller grows accustomed to seeing ten or more huge busloads of holiday makers from the Soviet Union or from another partner in the Communist bloc discharge their human cargoes upon a popular restaurant, place of cultural interest, or of entertainment. Favoured Rumanians in turn spend their holidays in neighbouring Iron Curtain lands and these associations knit more tightly the bonds of Communist solidarity.

Once inside Rumania, the westerner, however assiduously he may have studied available information about the land, is likely to be reminded that his knowledge of the realities contains decided gaps. Take the capital city of Bucharest, for example, which once prided itself on being the "Paris of the East"; nowadays it would be more accurate to call it the "Moscow of the South". The monumental massiveness in architectural styles, once standard in the Soviet Union, distinguishes sparkling new public buildings. Almost all the legally printed matter in Rumania pours out from Scinteia House, a palatial edifice closely resembling the central unit of the new University of Moscow and designed by the same architect. It is claimed that this printing works is the largest in Europe and can run off 720,000 newspapers in an hour; 80 per cent of the machinery, little of it up-to-date, has been imported from Russia, the rest from Germany. Aside from papers, books of all kinds among them those studied in schools, magazines and picture postcards are printed under this roof. About a third of the output is shipped abroad, chiefly to the Soviet Union. Dynamo Stadium for sports events is almost an exact replica of a similar amphitheatre in the Russian capital and an immense statue of Stalin broods over the Stalin Park of Rest and Culture, patterned on Soviet models, and lying on both flanks of a picturesque lake. What used to be the royal palace has been transformed into an art gallery and villas of the dispossessed aristocracy.

cratic and wealthy classes have been made over into apartments or are occupied by fragments of the sprawling State bureaucracy. It is probably no accident that the Soviet Ambassador lives in one of the most spacious mansions.

Outside of the sophisticated central section and the older residential districts, extensive areas of Bucharest swarm with simple cottages of the peasant type; the Communist press keeps harping on the theme that Soviet-style apartment blocks will presently replace antiquated dwelling places. Construction on the grand scale is planned to commemorate the 500th anniversary of the foundation of Bucharest—thousands of flats to reduce the frightful housing congestion, hospitals and schools, theatres and a circus. Side streets, at present seldom anything more than winding narrow lanes, are to be broadened to handle an anticipated increase in automotive traffic. If targets are reached, blueprints will be translated into realities by 1965.

Bucharest is a city of churches, mostly small and architecturally appealing and sometimes obscured by blocks of flats and other tall buildings. It would be possible, you learn, to enter a different house of worship every day of the year and Communists bluntly inform you that the churches symbolize the philosophical outlook of the discredited and discarded capitalistic scheme of things. As in the Soviet Union itself, attendance at services is confined very largely to men and women beyond middle age and to the old, with congregations swelling at the historic festivals on the Christian calendar. What remains of the traditional Orthodox Church is intimately linked to the Communist State.

In typical Communist manner, the accent in the economic sphere rests heavily upon industrial expansion to the neglect of agriculture for the time being at any rate. As concrete evidence of the growth of manufacturing, public agencies offer a shower of statistics on rising productivity and worker efficiency (both at lowly levels, to be sure, before 1939), and on the enlarging urban population. Official figures set the inhabitants of cities at just over 3,000,000 in 1930, 70,000 more in 1948, and 5,474,000 in 1956; for the same years the countryfolk are reported at 11,229,000, at 12,159,000, and at 12,015,000 respectively. Difficult as it is for westerners, living in Bucharest, to obtain reliable and detailed data on the industrial upswing, it is uniformly agreed that production has moved ahead substantially under the current plan of economic advance. Similar testimony is heard concerning the provision of electricity in a third of the villages and the progress in popular education. It is said that more than a fifth of the Rumanians, mainly in the rural areas, could neither read nor write when the Communists seized power, but that today literacy is universal and the period of compulsory education has been considerably extended. As by-products of more schooling, standards of personal hygiene and community sanitation have been raised among the peasant millions. On the higher educational plane, attendance has virtually doubled at the four Rumanian universities under the Communist dispensation, not counting learners enrolled in evening classes or correspondence courses; three out of four university students receive Government subsidies to meet expenses. Advanced specialized institutions in engineering and science, in music and

in painting have also been established.

For sheer beauty and grandeur of scenery the relatively short trip through the lofty ranges of the Carpathian Mountains eastward from Orsava Stalin (Kronstadt) is hard to excel. Not much has been done as yet to acquaint western Nimrods with the big-game opportunities—deer, bear and wild hogs—which abound in the region and fill out many a peasant larder. Former summer residences of affluent *boyars* and of prominent public personalities have been turned into rest homes for industrial workers, schools for the handicapped, or stopping places for tourists; at Sinaia, on the lower end of the area, stands the grandiose mountain palace of the deposed Hohenzollern dynasty, made into a museum by the Communists, and well looked after.

Unexpectedly fat agricultural lands, extensive orchards and lush grazing districts cover much of western Rumania, especially the area once known as Transylvania. For the Republic as a whole, somewhere between 15 and 20 per cent of the arable, grazing land and orchards are in "collectives", in the Soviet sense of the term. These properties together with State farms, often large proprietorships before the Communist era, are principally responsible for satisfying food requirements of towns and cities and soil products required in industry. Consequently, they benefit from Government assistance in the form of seeds and fertilizers, insecticides and labour-saving machinery. Such help is denied to another type of agricultural undertaking, the "co-operative", in which individual peasants have pooled part of their landholdings and in theory at least the owners expect to be paid rentals. About a third of the productive land lies outside the socialized sector, and the public authorities are proceeding cautiously on the programme of collectivization lest they stir up violent explosions in the countryside. Peasant households which profited from land parcellation schemes carried out between the wars are apt to be more firmly attached to their parcels of ground than families that have been private owners for a relatively long time. Such evidence as is available points to the conclusion that production in 1957 on private farms exceeded, acre for acre, the output in the socialized sector.

The traveller is impressed with the very general reliance upon hand implements in harvesting operations. Herds of cattle and goats, flocks of geese and ducks wandering along the principal highways present a vastly greater challenge to a chauffeur than competing motor traffic. Scarcity of cars and trucks may be set down, in fact, as an earmark of a Communist country. Main roadways are generally solidly constructed, though narrow, suitable for a pace of about 30 miles per hour. Instead of posters proclaiming the virtues of one commercial product or another, signs along the highways summon workers to increase production on farm or in factory or preach in crisp phrases a tenet of the Communist creed. Occasionally, a Red Cross poster comes into view, inviting help in first-aid or in nursing care; in the varied languages of Rumania, too, there are pleas for international peace or appeals for deposit of funds in State savings banks, all vivified by pictures easy to comprehend. An outstanding showpiece on the edge of Bucharest is the "village museum", containing scores of rustic cottages, stocked with peasant handicraft, art work and furniture, rural

churches and the like, moved thither from the several provinces of the country.

According to informed sources, widespread popular discontent exists in Rumania due to the rigours of the police régime, pressure upon workers to step up productivity, the urban housing nightmare, and the high costs of living. It may well be that traditional Rumanian antipathy toward Russia, regardless of the system prevailing there, figures in the sense of frustration that prevails. When a pair of good shoes devours a month's earnings, the mood of the ordinary fellow can readily be understood. For half-hours on end I carefully observed pedestrians on the principal streets of Bucharest, Cluj (Klausenburg), Sibiu (Hermannstadt) and other substantial cities. Shoes worn by men were generally of a stout quality, women's much flimsier; necklaces were rarities, earrings commoner, and lipstick still more so. Clothing seemed better than in Soviet cities in 1955; when this observation was made to a resident foreigner, he countered: "Come back in January and you'll see them in patched and ragged garments. Only top personalities in the Communist Party and the bureaucracy have anything like a decent wardrobe." Sullen defiance of the prevailing order expresses itself in many small acts such as the slowness with which pedestrians get out of the way of an oncoming motorcar at street crossings; it is assumed that every car must be transporting someone in authority.

Ordinary Rumanians are as friendly and generous to tourists as they are inquisitive about the outside world. At a street corner in Bucharest a native fired questions at me in rapid order: "Are you an American? How much did your trip cost? How big is New York City? Is London larger? Is Shanghai the biggest city in the world? How high is the tallest building in New York?" When it was proposed that the Empire State Building was approximately ten times higher than the stately Hotel Ambassador across the way, an expression of total incredulity stole across his face. "Ten times bigger than that one? How much did it cost? Are you of German descent? Are you a Jew? How many passengers can your car carry? How much did you say this trip cost?" (Worked out in relation to the purchasing power of Rumanian money, the price may well have appeared scarcely less fantastic than the Empire State Building itself.)

It seemed not improper for me to pose a few questions. "Is living getting better in your country?" "For some yes; for most, no; not enough money," said he. "Do many have cars like that one?", and I pointed to a small blue equipage at the side of the street. "Very, very few," he replied, and then glancing about furtively, he ambled on his way. Exchanges of essentially the same sort were repeated many times over in the course of the Rumanian journey.

Altogether, the transformation that has come over Rumania since 1944, when the Red armies of Marshal Stalin stormed in, far surpasses the changes in the wake of the Turkish inundation five centuries or so ago. From one angle of vision, a Communist ruling class of some 10,000 has supplanted the pre-war Fascist and *boyar* element of like dimensions and ordinary citizens have suffered restraint, repression and privations under both régimes. It seems improbable that Rumania will be the scene of a

mass effort to dethrone the Communists, though this traveller would not wish to dogmatize on that hypothesis; after all, premonitions of the risings of 1956 in Poland and Hungary were few and far between before the revolts actually broke loose.

ARTHUR J. MAY

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BARRY AND HIS GOTHIC PALACE

BEFORE the son of a prosperous Westminster stationer died and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey a century ago, he had conceived and created what is undoubtedly the greatest neo-Gothic palace in the world. And this is surprising, for Charles Barry was a Classical man, the product of a belated Grand Tour, having spent some four years—and a large slice of his inheritance—on travelling in Italy, Greece and the Middle East on attaining his majority. The unexpected and immediate sale of his architectural sketches seems to have decided his choice of a career. Losing no time he opened an office in Holborn, where with incredible optimism he raced through Gothic textbooks in time to compete, successfully, for new churches in the Manchester area, in Islington and Brighton.

These churches are frankly not very good, and why Barry with his experience or at least accumulated knowledge of Classical work chose to dabble in Gothic *à la mode* is a mystery explainable only by the premiums. Moreover, Gothic was still in the catacombs, for the upstart pointed arch was banned in public places ruled by its fashionable elder, the Greek portico. The only one of these churches which hinted at the dramatic possibilities of Gothic was St. Peter's at Brighton, with its towering façade which ingeniously expressed the "vertical principle of Gothic." Side by side with this Brighton church there rose his Brunswick Chapel at Hove, a delightful essay in the Italianate, a little building of finesse and admirable proportions and more like an Embassy chapel but for the squat campanile. Strangely, he was to design only one more Classical church in his life.

The urbane Brunswick Chapel was Barry's first excursion into the Italian Renaissance style. A little earlier he had designed Manchester's Royal Institution (now City Art Gallery) in the Greek manner, a commission which led a decade later to Manchester's Athenaeum. He may have realized that the time for Gothic was not quite yet, and so he turned to his natural *milieu*. To the extremes of Greek and Gothic he provided an acceptable alternative in the Roman and Florentine styles. His first brilliant success in adapting the features of the Italian *palazzo* to English architecture was the Travellers' Club (1829-32) in Pall Mall. This, the last of the great Georgian club-houses, was founded by Castlereagh in 1814 to promote the exchange of ideas between England and the Continent in the post-Waterloo period. Here, for the first time, the apartments were

built around an open court or cortile, and for the first time, too, the Palladian tradition of large columns was abandoned. The façade had pedimented first-floor windows, but the garden front had arched windows with shell-ornamented tympana. Such a work was then bravely *avant-garde* but the public and indeed the architectural profession lapped it up. Barry's next club, the Reform, reputedly copied from the Farnese Palace in Rome, was begun in the first year of Victoria's reign. Situated immediately next to the 'Travellers', it was a more mature expression of the same theme, more assertive, more robust, and like its neighbour its most festive feature was the library.

Barry was not a prolific architect in the sense that Adam or Wyatt or Nash was (the Houses of Parliament, of course, largely occupied the last 20 years of his life). Nor was he, like Soane, primarily a master of the country house, yet he dabbled fairly extensively in domestic architecture. This was the last age of the Patron, and Barry found his in the Duke of Sutherland. For him, Barry rebuilt Trentham Hall in Staffordshire (later to be chaperoned by his second Classical church), made additions to Stafford (now Lancaster) House in London, reconstructed Dunrobin Castle in Scotland, and finally rebuilt Cliveden in Buckinghamshire. All these are typical products of Barry's meticulous care for mass and proportion and the stress of vertical and horizontal line. His characteristic balustrades surmounted with urns, like his windows with their emphasizing pediments, are also to be seen at Harewood in Yorkshire, where his remodelling rubbed out the original elevations of John Carr and Robert Adam, and at Bowood in Wiltshire, where he also eclipsed Adam, though with less deadly effect. For all Barry's nobility, the mutilation of these Adam masterpieces cannot be forgiven.

His public buildings range from the Treasury and the Royal College of Surgeons to Pentonville, the "model" prison on the star plan, and the Town Hall of Halifax, from the Sussex County Hospital to the British Embassy in Constantinople. Apart from the Travellers' and Reform Clubs, however, it is for one building that he is remembered—the Houses of Parliament. As is well known, Barry's designs for Westminster (after the disastrous fire of 1834) were awarded first premium. What is not so well known is the fact that Barry had a "ghost"—Augustus Welby Pugin. Barry was a Classical man and a master of the formal interior. Moreover, he had his feet planted squarely upon the earth and was unashamedly out for fame and fortune. Pugin, on the other hand, was virtually a mystic, his life dedicated to the cause of Christian (by which he meant Gothic) architecture and ritual, a man who would renounce a cathedral if he could not have his way with the roodscreen, a man who could casually refer to his wife's delivery of "a Gothic child" or to the Gothic shape of a cheese. No one in these islands knew more about Gothic detail than he did. Barry had already "ghosted" him for the building of King Edward's Grammar School in Birmingham, and he was astute enough to realize that without Pugin's genius his Parliament building would be little more than a tricked-out Classical shell. Indeed, to see Barry playing the Goth without the aid of Pugin one has merely to look at his churches, and, it has been suggested, at Toddington Manor in Gloucestershire, generally

said to be the forerunner of the Houses of Parliament, and still attributed, though quite erroneously, to Barry.

Pugin's drawings for Westminster approached the thousand mark. The first exquisite and minute drawings of detail may have decided the Select Committee's award to Barry. Once the project was launched Barry became more and more exacting. He wanted drawings for this and that and everything, not only all the architectural detail from the tracery on the Victoria Tower down to the fireplaces, but the woodwork, the furniture, ceiling panelling, wallpapers, mosaic, statuettes, candelabrum, umbrella stands, candlesticks, fireguards, bell-pulls, ink-pots, blotting cases, etc. Finally there is Pugin's *tour de force*, the elaborate throne in the House of Lords with its glittering canopy and candelabra.

For this work Barry was knighted, while Pugin died insane at 40. On the Albert Memorial are carved the figures of the two men, with their backs to each other. It is a sad reflection on Barry, aristocratic, versatile and competent, that he should dissociate himself from the suggestions that Westminster was a joint work. After the deaths of the central figures there was a long and bitter controversy between the sons of Barry and Pugin, and in the rising clamour public opinion, too, was divided. Despite the initials A.W.P. on the drawing for the throne, as late as 1885 the article on Barry in the *Dictionary of National Biography* made the astonishing claim that "it is only necessary to look at it to be confident that it was designed by a man reared in a classic school." Pugin's diary, the Barry-Pugin correspondence and collections of drawings, not to mention records of Barry's payments to Pugin, are available to testify to the facts, and recent research has indeed established, evenly and fairly, the joint authorship of this great work. Justice has been done. Despite everything, however, the grand conception, the noble scale and proportions, the harmonious balancing of masses, is Barry's, and it is masterly.

TUDOR EDWARDS

PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

IT was widely recorded in the press and on television that Mr. Thomas Taylor of Sedgley, Staffs., as recently as September, 1958, was taking photographs in Winchester Cathedral. On developing his films he was amazed to find one with the photograph of 13 medieval figures dressed in the robes of that time. The film was a colour transparency and the photograph has been declared genuine by the experts. So far as Mr. Taylor was aware, there was no one in the Cathedral when he took the photographs. In the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1959, I described an experience I had in the slums of Leeds at a Spiritualist meeting, and I asked: "Is there no scientific explanation of this extraordinary phenomena?" To this I now have an answer. Several kind friends have written offering their help and giving me particulars of eminent scientists who have carried out exhaustive investigations into the subject. Of these I

selected the most eminent of them all, Sir William Crookes, O.M., F.R.S., who devoted many years to his investigation, and commend it now for the study of a new generation.

Sir William was President of the British Association at Bristol in 1913 and was appointed President of The Royal Society; he was also a D.Sc. and LL.D. of six English and one Colonial Universities. In 1897 he was Knighted "in recognition of the eminent services he had rendered to the advancement of scientific knowledge." I am safe, therefore, in accepting his views on the truth and reality of psychic phenomena and, more particularly, in that his views are supported by several other eminent scientists. Unfortunately, the book he wrote recording his researches was permitted to go out of print. At the time of his death in 1919 he was preparing a new edition which was not issued. In 1926 the Two Worlds Publishing Company published a book written by his son, B. H. Crookes, who states that while it is not a verbatim reprint of the original, all the essential material is as first published by his father. This book is also out of print, but by the help of Psychic News Bookshop I have succeeded in getting a second-hand copy. The numerous tests and experiments he made cover a period from 1870 until his death in 1919, and they were carried out in his laboratory under the strictest conditions, such as he would impose in any other scientific investigation. I will content myself by giving extracts from his Presidential Address given before the British Association at Bristol in 1898:

These, then, are some of the subjects, weighty and far-reaching, on which my own attention has been chiefly concentrated. Upon one other interest I have not yet touched—to me the weightiest and the farthest reaching of all.

No incident in my scientific career is more widely known than the part I took many years ago in certain psychic researches. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a Force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. This fact in my life is, of course, well understood by those who honoured me with the invitation to become your President. Perhaps among my audience some may feel curious as to whether I shall speak out or be silent. I elect to speak, although briefly. To enter at length on a still debatable subject would be unduly to insist on a topic which—as Wallace, Lodge and Barrett have already shown—though not unfitted for discussion at these meetings, does not yet enlist the interest of the majority of my scientific brethren. To ignore the subject would be an act of cowardice I feel no temptation to commit. . .

To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on science. There is nothing for the investigator to do but to go straight on, "to explore up and down, inch by inch, with the taper of his reason"; to follow the light wherever it may lead, even should it at times resemble a will-o'-the-wisp. I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my already published statements. Indeed, I might add much thereto. I regret only a certain crudity in those early expositions which, no doubt justly, militated against their acceptance by the scientific world. My own knowledge at that time scarcely extended beyond the fact that certain phenomena new to science had assuredly occurred, and were attested by my own sober senses, and, better still, by automatic record. I was like some two-dimensional being who might stand at the singular point of a Riemann's surface, and thus find himself in infinitesimal and inexplicable contact with a plane of existence not his own.

I think I see a little farther now. I have glimpses of something like coherence

among the strange elusive phenomena; of something like continuity between those unexplained forces and laws already known. This advance is largely due to the labours of another Association of which I have also this year the honour to be President—the Society for Psychical Research. And were I now introducing for the first time these enquiries to the world of science I should choose a starting-point different from that of old. It would be well to begin with *telepathy*; with the fundamental law, as I believe it to be, that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognized ways. . .

Although the enquiry has elicited important facts with reference to the mind, it has not yet reached the scientific stage of certainty which would entitle it to be usefully brought before one of our Sections. I will, therefore, confine myself to pointing out the direction in which scientific investigation can legitimately advance. If telepathy takes place we have two physical facts—the physical change in the brain of A, the suggester, and the analogous physical change in the brain of B, the recipient of the suggestion. Between these two physical events there must exist a train of physical causes. Whenever the connecting sequence of intermediate causes begins to be revealed the enquiry will then come within the range of one of the Sections of the British Association. Such a sequence can only occur through an intervening medium. All the phenomena of the universe are presumably in some way continuous, and it is unscientific to call in the aid of mysterious agencies when with every fresh advance in knowledge it is shown that ether vibrations have powers and attributes abundantly equal to any demand—even to the transmission of thought. It is supposed by some physiologists that the essential cells of nerves do not actually touch, but are separated by a narrow gap which widens in sleep and which narrows almost to extinction during mental activity. This condition is so singularly like that of a Branly or Lodge coherer as to suggest a further analogy. The structure of brain and nerve being similar, it is conceivable there may be present masses of such nerve coherers in the brain whose special function it may be to receive impulses brought from without through the connecting sequence of ether waves of appropriate order of magnitude. Röntgen has familiarized us with an order of vibrations of extreme minuteness compared with the smallest waves with which we have hitherto been acquainted, and of dimensions comparable with the distances between the centres of the atoms of which the material universe is built up; and there is no reason to suppose that we have here reached the limit of frequency. It is known that the action of thought is accompanied by certain molecular movements in the brain, and here we have physical vibrations capable from their extreme minuteness of acting direct on individual molecules, while their rapidity approaches that of the internal and external movements of the atoms themselves.

Confirmation of telepathic phenomena is afforded by many converging experiments, and by many spontaneous occurrences only thus intelligible. The most varied proof, perhaps, is drawn from analysis of the subconscious workings of the mind, when these, whether by accident or design, are brought into conscious survey. Evidence of a region, below the threshold of consciousness, has been presented, since its first inception, in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*; and its various aspects are being interpreted and welded into a comprehensive whole by the pertinacious genius of F. W. H. Myers. Concurrently, our knowledge of the facts in this obscure region has received valuable additions at the hands of labourers in other countries. To mention a few names out of many, the observations of Richet, Pierre Janet and Binet (in France), of Breuer and Freud (in Austria), of William James (in America) have strikingly illustrated the extent to which patient experimentation can probe sub-liminal processes, and thus can learn the lessons of alternating personalities and abnormal states. . .

It has been characteristic of the leaders among the group of enquirers constituting the Society for Psychical Research to combine critical and negative

work with work leading to positive discovery. To the penetration and scrupulous fair-mindedness of Professor Henry Sidgwick and of the late Edmund Gurney is largely due the establishment of canons of evidence in psychical research, which strengthen while they narrow the path of subsequent explorers. To the detective genius of Dr. Richard Hodgson we owe a convincing demonstration of the narrow limits of human continuous observation.

It has been said that "Nothing worth the proving can be proved, nor yet disproved". True though this may have been in the past, it is true no longer. The science of our century has forged weapons of observation and analysis by which the veriest tyro may profit. Science has trained and fashioned the average mind into habits of exactitude and disciplined perception, and in so doing has fortified itself for tasks higher, wider and incomparably more wonderful than even the wisest among our ancestors imagined. . .

In addition to Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir William Barrett, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding and Dr. C. S. Carpenter, Dean of Exeter, wrote books and gave lectures testifying to the reality and truth of this subject. A page could be filled with the names of eminent men of this century. There is a valuable appendix at the end of Crookes' book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in which he adds the testimony of Miss Florence Marryat, the writer. In it she said she had in her possession a lock of hair which she, with permission, cut from the head of Katie King, the spirit who collaborated with Sir William Crookes and who materialized in his laboratory, sometimes almost daily, over a period of three years.

Enquire into the subject just as you would enquire into any other scientific subject. Take the advice of the registered medium, whose services will be necessary. Take any precautions you may consider necessary to guard against interference from the outside and be satisfied to progress slowly step by step. To those who, like myself, are approaching the end of the period on earth, one of the principal interests is likely to be the possibility of finding out beyond all question of doubt whether there is a future life and, if so, what the conditions over there are likely to be. I am convinced that psychic research can give us this information. Sir William Crookes states that he repeatedly walked about arm in arm and conversed with a materialized spirit, and several other eminent scientists have recorded similar experiences. Given the proper conditions, you and I could do so too. Most of us have sons or daughters, husbands or wives on the other side; to learn beyond all question of doubt that we are going to rejoin them would be knowledge overpowering, and it is there for us to possess if we care to take it.

WILLIAM T. BOWMAN

CRIME AND CONTRITION IN LITERATURE

THE theme most pertinent at this moment of time, in politics, philosophy and literature, is perhaps reconciliation. Agreeing with Gabriel Marcel that the rôle of drama "seems to be to place us at a point of vantage at which truth is made concrete to us . . .", we shall

confine ourselves to that medium. Further, we shall limit our investigation to one plot, the ancient tale of Orestes, and examine a few of its versions from Aeschylus to those of such contemporary dramatists as Jean-Paul Sartre in *The Flies*, O'Neill in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and T. S. Eliot in *The Family Reunion*.

The recurrent theme controlling the plot has three strands. Evil, inherited and implicit in the predicament of each generation, known to theology as original sin, is the first. Wrong-doing by each individual in his own particular circumstance is the second. Reconciliation, absolution, the remission of sin, restoration to wholeness, are a few of the terms used to indicate the third. In the great trilogy of the *Agamemnon*, Aeschylus treated of one strand in each play. In the first no part of the ancient tale of evil's lineage is omitted, no name of evil import unmentioned, from Tantalus, who betrayed the secrets of the gods, to Orestes, the Hamlet of his time, who to revenge the death of his father murdered Clytemnestra, his mother. This tale of evil mounting from one generation to another is not as in the other plays confined to an odd reference or an early Chorus, it towers always in the background, dominating the play, from the Watchman's opening cry:

O gods! grant me release

In Cassandra's wild cries it seems without limit, mounting to the climax of the murder that sets Orestes "on the Argos road". If for the House of Atreus we read mankind, we must accept the ancestral curse resultant upon ancestral sin.

It is interesting to note how contemporary writers treat the problem. O'Neill depicts evil in the context of a love-hate conflict on Freudian lines, thus weakening and dating his play. In the Act II's stage directions, where O'Neill so often conceals his theses, we read, *Portraits of ancestors hang on the walls. At the rear of the fireplace on the right is one of a grim-visaged minister of the witch-burning era*. Again in the second act of Part III, Orin (Orestes) is shown writing a history, "a true history of all the family crimes," and saying: "I've tried to trace to its secret hiding-place in the Mannon past the evil destiny behind our lives!" The French playwright, J.-P. Sartre, makes two pertinent remarks, one on destiny and one on the origin of evil. "Some men," his Orestes declares, "are born bespoken; a certain path has been assigned to them and at its end there is something they *must* do, a deed allotted." And Zeus in Act II finds the cause of evil in creation. "The first crime was mine," he asserts, "I committed it when I made men mortal."

In T. S. Eliot's play references to a curse abound; its meaning and potency the following quotations affirm:

A curse comes to being
As a child is formed.

and,

Each curse has its course
Its own way of expiation.

and in Agatha's last speech,

So the knot be unknitted
The cross be uncrossed

The crooked be made straight
And the curse be ended.

There is, however, no reference to the life of generations earlier than those represented. Compared even with O'Neill's "Mannons", Eliot's "Monchenseys" are rootless. The "origin of wretchedness" is no more than the substance of Harry's "shadow of something behind our meagre childhood". Yet though the story is pursued no further into the "dark backward and abyss of time", a sense of immutable law, of justice, even of doom pervades the play, pointed by the assertion made by the Chorus:

. . . whether in Argos or England
There are certain inflexible laws
Unalterable, in the nature of music.

Moreover, the catastrophic evil of the world of Aeschylus, as of the actual world of today, lies revealed in Harry's speech in Part II, Sc. 1, where he says he could at one time think of his life as an "isolated ruin" or "a casual bit of waste in an orderly universe", but that

. . . it begins to seem just part of some huge disaster,
Some monstrous mistake and aberration
Of all men, of the World . . .

It is Lear on the heath and Macbeth's flawed universe: it is life as we know it unblinkered, under the curse of evil: it signifies our fear of our inability to control the daimon we have fostered. In theology it is original sin.

In approaching the second strand of our theme we step down into the familiar world of action. The doom, the curse, the hereditary evil are all very well, we tend to assume, in drama and are better confined to the stage or the study, our concern being with what we do with our hands, speak with our lips, think in our hearts at the moment. To this subject Aeschylus devotes the second play of his trilogy, wherein the mother-murder is committed, at the command of Apollo. To Electra Orestes avers his purpose, saying:

This was the god's command:
"Shed blood for blood, your face set like a flint."

So with very little compunction the deed is done. Very skilfully Aeschylus keeps alive a natural horror of the deed, until he permits Orestes to make his defence. "Terror begins to sing at my heart," he says—

Therefore while I am still in my right mind
To all who are loyal to me I solemnly proclaim:

It was no sin to kill my mother . . .
I offer in full warrant Apollo Loxias
Who from his Pythian oracle revealed to me
That if I did this deed I should be clear of blame.

The crime here is then part of the will of the gods, and responsibility for it is handed back to them. Euripides is not so sure. He permits in Orestes a questioning of the gods:

"Phoebus, God," he cries, "was all thy mind
Turned to darkness?"

and,

Thou, thou didst bid me kill
My mother: *which is sin*.

Therein lies the problem. The old law insisted that the doer must suffer, the murderer die, even if matricide resulted, but at its heart lay the possibility of the culpability of the "gods".

The conflict is confused in *Mourning Becomes Electra* by the weakness of Orin (Orestes). O'Neill's point is probably made by Christine (Clytemnestra), who laments: "God won't leave us alone. He twists and wrongs and tortures our lives with others' lives until—we poison each other to death!" That certainly is one way out, but it is a cry of the immature and in fact weakens the play. For the Frenchman the point is man's free will. Man, as Orestes, derides the idea of the power of any God to enslave his mind and will, hence the conflict is depicted as one between Zeus and Apollo, the old law and the new intelligence. It is dramatic and urgent. Zeus warning Aegisthus of the danger to his life proffers the simple reason: "Orestes knows that he is free." Later he adds the secret: "Once freedom lights its beacon in a man's heart the gods are powerless against him. It is a matter between man and man . . ." Orestes echoes it: "What do I care for Zeus? Justice is a matter between men, and I need no God to teach me it. It is right to stamp you out . . ." The climax comes in the discussion between Orestes and Electra after the mother-murder:

Electra: But—how strange you look!

Orestes: I am free, Electra. Freedom has crashed down on me like a thunderbolt . . .

Electra: But I don't feel free. And you—can you undo what has been done? Something has happened and we are no longer free to blot it out. Can you prevent our being murderers of our mother—for all time?

Orestes: Do you think I wish to prevent it? I have done my deed, Electra, and that deed was good. I shall bear it on my shoulders as a carrier at a ferry carries the traveller to the farther bank—the heavier it is to carry the better pleased I shall be; for that burden is my freedom.

It is the defiance of Prometheus and it is superb.

The Family Reunion is of little help on this point as it is concerned mainly with the third strand, the material of the last play of Aeschylus' Trilogy which must be considered first. Critics are agreed that this third play is in a minor mode, compared with the solemn major of the first two plays. The problems have been posed: Is there to be no end to bloodshed? How can man find absolution for evil he needs must do? How can evil inherent in the human race be eradicated? Where is the place of the remission of sin? Such questions demanded an answer in the last play. But alas, ". . . the grand drama of justice is made to end in the glorification of Athens and her supreme court" (Philip Vellacott). We are driven to conclude that even fifth-century Hellas could not anticipate the solution of love, waiting the fullness of time, a solution rejected today by some humanists who prefer sunlit Athens to bloodstained Jerusalem, and whose blindness of heart the Greek called *hubris*.

Euripides is more doubtful. His mortals, Orestes and Electra, kneel by the body of Clytemnestra in deep remorse and hence have to be saved by the appearance of the Heroes, Castor and Pollux. "Righteous is her doom this day," they pronounce of Clytemnestra, "But not thy deed." And of

Apollo's command they say, "no light was this he showed to thee but darkness," hence

On Apollo's head we lay
The bloody doings of this day.

Orestes is condemned to long penance but "penance past, thou shalt have happiness at last," they promise. From the point of view of justice, of immutable law, of sin and absolution, the Greek solutions are most unsatisfying. They found no myth, no fable, nothing in the imagination of man big enough to stand up to the horror of the evil, for nothing compatible in majesty with the magnificence of the conception of justice, nothing in scope wide enough to embrace all mankind had yet been conceived to solve the problem of sin. That had to wait for the birth of a Child of a Virgin in a remote corner of the pagan world, for a new conception of love, wide enough to embrace both justice and absolution, to include expiation and to carry forgiveness, strong enough to break the chain of inherited evil.

We must next turn to the three modern plays and examine the solutions put forward by them. In *Mourning Becomes Electra*, Orin (Orestes) commits suicide, leaving the statement of the solution to Lavinia (Electra). This is what she says:

. . . I'm not going the way Mother and Orin went. That's escaping punishment. And there's no one left to punish me. I'm the last Mannon. I've got to punish myself! Living alone here with the dead is a worse act of justice than death or prison! I'll never go out or see anyone! I'll have the shutters nailed close so that no sunlight can ever get in. I'll live alone with the dead, and keep their secrets, and let them hound me, until the curse is paid out and the last Mannon is let die! (With a strange cruel smile of gloating over the years of self torture.) I know they will see to it I live for a long time! It takes the Mannons to punish themselves for being born!

The speech indicates an active refusal to accept any solution whatever. In the pride of a self-contained New England conscience, Lavinia refuses to recognize her common humanity, refuses to take her place with the created, scorns the possibility of restoration, renewal or absolution, and in her proud hatred of herself is unable to receive it. The end is disintegration and despair in the individual; a political power in such a mood could wreck the world.

Sartre finds another solution. The period of his tale is pre-Christian; hence we should not look for a Christian ending, but how near the last speech comes! Orestes, addressing the people of Argos after the murder, says:

. . . my people, I love you, and it was for your sake that I killed. For your sake I had come to claim my kingdom, and you would have none of me because I was not of your kind. Now I am of your kind, my subjects; there is a bond of blood between us, and I have earned my kingship over you.

Already the overtone of Christianity is clear. Orestes is the deliverer of his people; by a blood-tie he has become one of them. But the note is false in that he came not as a servant but as a king, not to offer his own blood but to take others': a saviour and an avenger. The speech continues:

As for your sins and your remorse, your night fears, and the crime Aegisthus committed—all are mine, I take them all upon me. Fear your Dead no longer; they are *my* Dead . . .

The Orestes-Saviour strain is again very clear. He would carry the burden of the actual sins committed by his people and equally that of inherited evil. He further declares that he will not stay in Argos but will go hence, leaving the people to start a new life, and going he will take with him the "Flies", the Erynnes, the Remorse, upon his own shoulders. The final stage direction reads: *He strides out into the light. Shrieking the Furies fling themselves after him.* Orestes thus becomes a sin-bearer: a man who would in his own person relieve, restore and make whole his people. But of him, since he was himself guilty, it was true that he saved others, himself he could not save. Sartre is proclaiming the truth that man alone is insufficient to save from sin. He goes no further, but even so he has indicated the method of the Saviour, who, sinless, was "made sin for us."

The whole of T. S. Eliot's play *The Family Reunion* is concerned with the problem under discussion. In it he says:

What we have written is not a story of detection
Of crime and punishment, but of sin and expiation,
It is possible that you have not known what sin
You shall expiate, or whose, or why.

The last two lines echo Aeschylus. Each one of us is the sum of our ancestry, carrying their evil and their good, and expiating the sins of the third and fourth generation back. Hence in the play, though the deadly sins, all seven of them, lurk and leer in the background, they are not particularized as the doings of the actors. When mentioned as such they tend to be dropped in casually as in Harry's (Orestes') reference to the death of his wife:

That cloudless night in the mid-Atlantic
When I pushed her over.

What is new in this play is the tremendous weight of the power making for peace. Agatha pin-points this truth, saying:

Everything tends towards reconciliation
As the stone falls, as the tree falls.

She indicates it also when suggesting that perhaps Harry has been chosen "To resolve the enchantment under which we suffer." Harry's answer suggests that the solution we seek lies in another dimension, another mode of thinking. In Christian mythology it lies not in the realm of justice, but in the greater realm of love; Harry having passed into the second sees all things differently. "Look," he exclaims,

. . . I do not know why
I feel happy for a moment, as if I had come home.
. . . as if happiness
Did not consist in getting what one wanted
Or in getting rid of what can't be got rid of
But in a different vision. This is like the end.

Agatha: And a beginning . . .

Having decided to "Follow the bright angels" Harry, another sin-bearer, goes his lonely way, to accomplish that which in the other dimension is already accomplished, so that the

. . . curse be ended
By intercession
By pilgrimage

By those who depart
In several directions
And that of the departed.

In another play dealing with love and forgiveness, Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough* (1954), the Countess Rosmarin makes the same point. It is implied also in Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* (1935), and in Marc Connelly's *Green Pastures* (1930). In short, contemporary serious writers examining the events of the last half-century appear to be agreed that evil, inherited, and committed, sin original and individual, in thought, word and deed, cannot be overcome, rooted out or absolved by any man-made plan providing better conditions of living, or more widespread education, cannot be tackled by an idea, a figment of the imagination, a theory, another way of thinking, any more than it can be circumscribed by a man's shouldering the burden, or by the acceptance of endless punishment. It appears that human beings can be saved from evil—that is from evil within themselves and without—solely by some intervention in our world of time and space. In Christian belief that intervention has already occurred.

GRACE A. WOOD

THREE LOVE POEMS

A Portrait

Those midnight shadows round your eyes
and that mysterious smile,
amused, indrawn, erotic-wise,
that hints at some unspeakable surprise . . .
Oh how much fonder
than the purse-lipped secrets of the Gioconda!

Love and Death

If ever one of us lies still and white,
how shall the other bear the sight ?
Oh rather grant it that together we
in some last holocaust may cease to be!
This is the darker side of happiness
and yet we would not have it less
nor at the sordid séance try
to pierce the dark glass—divinely dark ?—nor pry
into the anterooms, if such there be,
of the soul's damnation or felicity.

Hope

Loved flesh, we know, is grass.
Loved limbs to dust must come.
Lies in some God-sparked essence
our love's continuum ?

LUKE PARSONS

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE SECOND EMPIRE

It may seem strange that a great Liberal historian like Dr. Gooch should feel so strongly the fascination of kings and emperors and their consorts. To his studies of Frederick II, Catherine, Maria Theresa, Louis XV, is now added one of Napoleon III. But we should not complain of an interest which gives us such a fascinating book. As Dr. Gooch says, it is neither a history of the Second Empire, nor a biography of Louis Napoleon. It draws a picture of that Man of Destiny in a setting provided by the men and women who gathered round his somnambulist figure as he moved silently—for he spoke little—from triumph to his doom.

The Emperor's clan naturally comes first, the illegitimate Bonapartes, Morny and Walewski, with the brilliance that his legitimate relations lacked. Morny was certainly one of the architects, as well as one of the ablest servants of the Second Empire. The ministers form the second group—Persigny, who really believed in the Bonapartist myth; the narrow unyielding, ambitious lawyers, Rouher, Baroche, Magne; the able administrators, Duruy, Haussmann; the orator of the Liberal Empire, Ollivier: not a statesman among them.

Finally, four groups of soldiers, churchmen, politicians and writers. Of all these, drawing on an extensive knowledge of the memoirs and secondary literature of the period, Dr. Gooch gives us convincing and living portraits. He is perhaps overkind to the Comte de Falloux, a view assisted by a version of the so-called *ateliers nationaux* experiment which is hardly adequate; but of course the book does not pretend to be economic history. In general the judgment of the characters of the men around the Emperor is thoroughly sound. The testimony to their abilities is always tempered by recognition of the flaws that in practically every case marred their characters and careers, as they did also those of the Emperor himself. For all the glitter, the Second Empire, it must be confessed, was also second-rate.

Some of the portraits are small vignettes, a simple head and shoulders, some are fuller figures. One, the Empress Eugénie, stands out by herself, at full length, more clearly than even the Emperor; but this is because there was no mystery about her. Louis Napoleon's infatuation with such an unsuitable Empress and wife is the measure of something lacking in him that prevented him from achieving greatness and in the end even robbed him of success. Dr. Gooch describes Eugénie as the least sensual of women and the most passionate of politicians. In each capacity she was a misfortune for the Emperor, though it is difficult to believe that even with a different Empress he could ever have given up his habituation to mistresses among whom the famous Miss Howard and the dazzling Countess de Castiglione appear in these pages at some length. The last phase of the latter provides a good example of the evocative style of the book. "Returning to Paris after the *débâcle* she lingered on till the close of the century, poor and lonely, fat and slovenly, frustrated and forgotten. Dreading the cold scrutiny of the world when her beauty was gone, she emerged after dusk with her dogs, wandering among the scenes of her former triumphs and gazing at the vacant space where the Tuileries had stood."

A more positive ruler, in a period of clear-cut distinctions, might have proved a less suitable subject for the *pointilliste* method adopted by Dr. Gooch. For an Emperor and an Empire both full of contradictions it serves admirably. We see Napoleon III perhaps in the clearest light when we reach the chapter on the world of letters. Victor Hugo, a supporter in 1848, by the time of the *coup d'état* had turned into the bitterest enemy. George Sand, though a firm republican from the beginning, kept her liking for the rising dictator rather longer and tried to distinguish between him and the police State he had created. Mérimée was the friend

of Eugénie and both he and Sainte-Beuve gave their allegiance to the régime, though not without qualification. Flaubert cut deeper than most: "1789 destroyed Monarchy and the nobility, 1848 the bourgeoisie, 1851 the people. Nothing is left but an imbecile *canaille*, and we are all reduced to the same level of mediocrity." It was a hard and a disillusioned verdict. Dr. Gooch, on the whole, lets his witnesses speak for themselves in this skilful and interesting book, but one cannot doubt what is his final judgment on even "the most humane of dictators." A. COBBAN

The Second Empire. By G. P. Gooch. Longmans. 30s.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN

Very few memoirs published since the war have received greater publicity and attracted a more mixed reception from distinguished critics than Sir Anthony Eden's *Full Circle*. Although it covers his post-war years in office, from October 1951 to January 1957, it is inevitably his leading part in the Suez crisis that draws the main attention. Here is Sir Anthony Eden's account and apologia of his policy from Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal in July 1956 until the cease-fire in November and the subsequent British withdrawal. The recurring theme is the lesson of the 'thirties when by policies of appeasement and drift, the Allies slid into the Second World War. In his judgment the policy of Nasser created a comparable situation; and after the Israeli invasion, although itself justified, the British and French rightly intervened to prevent a widespread conflagration. There is the author's constant distrust of Foster Dulles; but whatever view is taken of the latter's conduct of affairs, the Prime Minister committed a profound error of judgment in ever thinking that the Americans would join in armed intervention. It is fair to assert that these memoirs have converted no one. On the contrary, each side claims to be fortified by them.

In his review in the *Sunday Times*, Lord Salisbury put the approving right wing view. The Cabinet, he contended, did its utmost "to re-establish respect for international engagements", for example in calling together the Canal users, taking a lead in formulating the Eighteen Powers proposals, supporting the Canal Users' Association and referring the question to the United Nations. "But when it became perfectly clear that the United Nations were not going to do anything effective to restore the rule of law, is it really to be maintained that they just ought to have acquiesced, sheltering behind the Charter and done nothing more?" This particular decision, however, said Lord Salisbury, was taken out of Sir Anthony's hands by the opening of hostilities between Israel and Egypt. He of course accepts the view that the Israeli attack was not inspired by France and Britain. It was the duty of the latter "as signatories of the Charter of the United Nations" to stop the war: "Is it really to be maintained that they should have neglected that duty?" The opponents of Suez find support in this volume for their attack. Writing in *Forward*, Mr. Gaitskell declared: "The truth is—and it emerges very clearly from the Memoirs—that Sir Anthony was determined as soon as Nasser seized the Canal, to crush him either by imposing a humiliating settlement or by armed force." It is obvious from the text that this determination was constant throughout, until the day of British and French invasion. Against this background, Mr. Gaitskell concluded that "the obvious hypocrisy of the excuses" advanced for the Suez attack are "more pathetically flimsy than ever."

Being the narrative of the leading actor, Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs will continue to be read and studied by all students of this great controversy. But the volume determines nothing. It reflects a basic approach to international relations of great complexity, which still divides the nation.

A. DE MONTMORENCY

Full Circle: The Memoirs of Sir Anthony Eden. Cassell. 35s.

COLONIAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

As the pace towards colonial self-government quickened it became clear that several British colonies would become independent long before they had time to build up an indigenous administrative machine. It followed that arrangements would have to be made to bridge the gap between the withdrawal of the Colonial service and the growth of a local administration to replace it. Mr. Younger is Director General of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and his book is an examination of the British Government's attempts to construct the bridge: it is a story of wasted opportunity. The obvious method was to offer to the best men in the Colonial service an assured career in a home-based overseas service and thus form a *corps d'élite* available on loan to any newly independent country at subsidized rates. This was not done. Instead, much ingenuity was spent in devising various piecemeal and breathtakingly inadequate arrangements which have of course failed in their object. Now many valuable men have been allowed to leave the service prematurely, and their reason for doing so in most cases is not that they want more money or more privileges or more comfort, or even that they are strongly attracted by compensation for lost employment, but simply because they see no prospect of completing a worthwhile and satisfying career. The sad conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Younger's well-organized and temperate book are that the ex-colonies have been deprived unnecessarily of our help when it was most vital for them, and for us, that they should have it; and that the British Government have fallen down on a most important job.

The Institute of Race Relations has brought together two writers on South Africa who represent two different points of view. Mr. S. Pienaar is foreign correspondent of *Die Burger* and his article is a defence of *Apartheid*, or "separate development" as it is now called. Mr. Anthony Sampson of the *Observer* purports to expose the fallacies and dangers of the policy even as it now appears in the guise of "new look", "new deal", or more pretentiously "harmonious multi-community development". It must be admitted that Mr. Pienaar makes out the best possible case for a policy which can really hardly be defended at all, at least as it is at present applied. This reservation is necessary because in fact there *is* something to be said for separation between black and white if, as is the case in South Africa, they cannot live comfortably together. But how can separate development take place when the area reserved for the blacks, who represent four-fifths of the total population, is only one-thirteenth of the land available in the country? And how can a form of Government-sponsored tribalism, on which the policy of separate development is based, be accepted by the urban section which forms the majority of the black population? The facts are on the side of Mr. Sampson and he wins this sober and instructive debate hands down.

Professor Thompson tells the story of South African unification from the end of the Boer War to the General Election following the Act of Union. He has drawn largely on unpublished private papers which he has handled with great skill and authority. The serious student of South Africa will find the book indispensable, while anyone wishing to make sense of the problems of to-day would do well to read this massive study.

A. SILLERY

The Public Service in the New States. By Kenneth Younger. Oxford University Press. 16s.

South Africa. By S. Pienaar and Anthony Sampson. Oxford University Press. 5s.
The Unification of South Africa 1902-1910. By L. M. Thompson. Oxford University Press. 50s.

NATIONALISM AND THE FAR EAST

With Communist China occupying a key position in world affairs to-day, it is becoming increasingly important to understand what is happening in that vast

human ant-heap, and why. This Penguin edition of Dr. Kuo's work is therefore to be welcomed, both for its low cost and for its refreshingly well-balanced survey and analysis of the principal factors involved. While showing both the good and the evil, the strength and the weaknesses of the present régime, Dr. Kuo makes it abundantly clear how and why the Communists have succeeded, how they have developed a spirit of sound government and public service, how, for the first time in Chinese history, they have raised a highly efficient well-disciplined army, and how the vitality of Chinese nationalism is to-day greater than ever before.

The Government, he admits, is a hard task-master, but it provides security of livelihood hitherto unknown to the great masses of the people; and while recognizing that the militant nationalism at present so much in evidence is a potential danger to world peace, he gives reasons for believing that China may become a stabilizing factor in world affairs, once her demand for Great Power status is acknowledged by admission to the United Nations. Communist China is here to stay and is growing in power rapidly, he declares, and goes on to stress that "the sooner the world faces this reality and devises measures to deal with it, the sooner will there be more stable relations among nations." His American friends—he is Associate Professor of History at Southern Illinois University—may find this hard to swallow, but his logic is hard to refute. Though some of his other views may be open to question, this book should be widely read for the light it sheds on the actions and motives of the present rulers of China and on China's relations with the outside world, especially on her relations with Russia and the United States.

The St. Antony's papers cover both Far Eastern and South-East Asian affairs, and include an illuminating study of South Asian Nationalism and the West, South Asia in this context meaning the Indian sub-continent. Where all are of a high standard, it would be invidious to single out any of the six papers for special praise; but Richard Storry's on Prince Konoye and Henry McAleavy's on Tseng P'u and the *Nieh Hai Hua* will probably appeal most to the general reader. McAleavy's, despite its rather forbidding title, throws an unusual light on Count Waldersee, Commander-in-Chief of the international forces in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, and shows why it is that his name is "infinitely better known to the Chinese than that of any other European who has ever lived in China." This is not, as one might imagine, because of his connection with the Kaiser's famous outburst about emulating Attila and the Huns, but because of a best-selling Chinese novel based on his infatuation for a Chinese woman of dubious morals.

The "human interest" aspect of the paper on Prince Konoye is of an entirely different nature. It is the rather pathetic story of a highly intelligent patrician imbued with many admirable qualities, but acutely aware of his own short-comings and persuaded against his own better judgment to become Premier at a most critical period in Japanese history. Storry's sympathetic study of this statesman, whose successive attempts to meet Roosevelt in 1941 and Stalin in 1945 might well have changed history if they had not been thwarted, ends with Konoye's tragic suicide on the day he was to surrender to the Americans, an open copy of *De Profundis* by his side with certain telling passages underlined.

MALCOLM D. KENNEDY

China: New Age and New Outlook. By Ping-chia Kuo. Penguin Special. 3s. 6d.
Far Eastern Affairs. St. Antony's Papers No. 7. Chatto & Windus. 16s.

CHURCH CHRISTIANITY

Here is a batch of books which in their own way give us a cross-section of the life of the Church; not a complete one, for none of them has anything to say about either the functioning of the Church at the local level, or the vast amount of its educational and philanthropic work. They do, however, cover the interests of the Church from its corporate activity in great Ecumenical Councils to the most

intimate expressions of its life in personal devotion. Few men know better the story of these great Ecumenical Councils than Professor Hubert Judin, and his book is a masterly summary from Nicaea in 325 A.D. to the Vatican Council of 1869-70. We are told what theological or ecclesiastical issue called for clearer definition against heretics, what decisions were registered by the Council, and it is particularly notable that the author has kept a true sense of the organic relationship of the issues as they arose in the course of history. The book is always clear in judgment and lucid in style, and it is timely in view of the summoning of a fresh Ecumenical Council by the present Pope.

How Churches Grow is a book about the missionary policy of the non-Roman Churches, and at first one is put off by rather trite judgments both of history in general and the optimistic estimate of the possibilities of missionary enterprise in the near future. The former seems to the reviewer to be superficial, and the latter to take little count of the speed at which scientific and technological as well as other influences are being assimilated by the non-Christian world. When Dr. McGavran passes to questions of policy, he has something real and important to say. There is an imbalance between the expenditure of missionary energy, in itself almost static on perfecting the saints, and that which is put into the attempt to enter fresh fields; there is need for a more realistic attempt to survey much more accurately fields which are ready for expansion, as well as to apprehend more thoroughly not only the presentation of non-Christian religions in classic statements but the degree to which these are reflected in every day life.

Canon Roger Lloyd has already given us a moving re-creation of New Testament times in his *Letters of Luke the Physician* and now he carries the work still further in his *Letters from the Early Church*. He calls his work a novel, but it is this only in the sense that he has used the figure of Silas in the book of Acts as the peg on which to hang his brilliant imagining of the way things happened. Silas writes to his friends and they to him and to one another until almost all are overwhelmed by the holocaust of the Neronian persecution. It is a picture which has the tang of real life. Quite clearly, many of the early Christians were slaves; what did Christianity mean to them, as well as to Flavia and other literates?

"Ancilla" is the pseudonym of an able and cultured woman, who has already given us the moving story of her conversion from humanism to Christian faith in *The Following Feet* and here she tells of her life as a communicant member in and servant of the Church of England. It is an intimate yet fastidious story, and to find the proper adjective which would describe it *in petto* is difficult. "Choice" is the nearest word the reviewer can find, and nowhere is it more choice or timely that in its self-revelation of her discovery that the finest fruit of the devotional life remains ungathered until one learns to care for people.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT

Ecumenical Councils in the Catholic Church. By Hubert Judin. Nelson. 21s.
How Churches Grow. By Donald McGavran. World Dominion Press. 12s. 6d.
Letters From the Early Church. By Roger Lloyd. Allen and Unwin. 13s. 6d.
Within the Church. By Ancilla. Darton, Longman and Todd. 15s.

CRITICAL ESSAYS

In an essay on *Paradise Lost*—whose title not all will recognize as a quotation from Milton's *Vacation Exercise* of 1628—Mr. J. B. Broadbent of Cambridge re-evaluates the epic poem in which the great Puritan poet sought to justify the ways of God to men. Mr. Broadbent sees the poem as reflecting a reaction to the impact of humanism on religion—but belatedly, when that initial impact had become an accepted part of the mental climate; rather as if Mr. T. S. Eliot in the 'twenties had written a Christian epic under the stimulus of Darwinism. Mr. Broadbent's knowledge of his subject is profound but his method is somewhat

chaotic and he speaks to us in a sort of urbane, muted monotone which, adequate for much that he has to say, lacks light and shade and the pulse of feeling. Often in this quiet, beguiling whisper he puts across highly debatable opinions—on page 216 he makes a generalization about “Western soul-experience” that raises the eyebrows—and he also teases the reader with more or less obscure references; as when he takes for granted that everyone has read Orwell’s essay on *The Art of Donald McGill*. In comparing *Paradise Lost* with *The Iliad* he misses the point that Homer’s gods and men belong authentically to the world of pagan history and religion whereas Milton alternates between biblical and classical, even scientific terms of reference. Homer can thus be said to give us an integrated epic novel in verse whereas *Paradise Lost* is part-epic, part-tract, almost part-encyclopaedia. Mr. Broadbent, for example, instances Elijah metaphorically rubbing shoulders with Hermes. What he calls Milton’s “panoramic omniscience” is here the nigger in the artistic woodpile. Although Mr. Broadbent tends to beat us over the head with his learning, he is often stimulating. In his 298 packed pages we learn a great deal about Milton. We also learn that Satan was a Führer and a Fascist—for Mr. Broadbent is not guiltless of the literary equivalent of “the Whig misinterpretation of history”.

In *The Comic Sense of Henry James* Mr. Richard Poirier studies the early novels from *Roderick Hudson* to *The Portrait of a Lady* and traces the young master’s development, particularly in the treatment of his basic themes; showing, for example how his initial sheep-and-goats division of “fixed” and “free” characters becomes far less arbitrary as he discovers that types are incompatible with full human beings. Like all good critics, Mr. Poirier leaves us wondering. To what extent was James aware of the psychological peculiarities of his heroes? Was their powerlessness to influence events due to standards of conduct impossibly high, practically speaking, though personally satisfying—defeat is, they think, good for them—or to various inhibitions, flaws of character that inhibit positive action? As a perceptive, sympathetic but not uncritical interpreter of these early novels Mr. Poirier could scarcely be bettered. His concluding psycho-analytical hints about James are interesting and not offensive. They suggest that there was a certain emotional emptiness in the man that was largely compensated for by the writer’s vicarious experience of life in his novels.

The University of London Press have brought out a representative selection of Guy de Maupassant’s short stories, edited with an introduction by J. H. Matthews, who succinctly, if in rather a school-masterly way, reviews Maupassant’s brief, not very gay life and his literary achievements. One had forgotten Schopenhauer’s influence on de Maupassant and possibly Mr. Matthews over-estimates the great *conteur’s* determinism. His integrity as an artist at times allows his characters more freedom of action than his theory would admit them to have. The underlying pathos of “Toine” is dismissed. No doubt it is not in the mood of the tale but to the sensitive reader it is surely devastating.

LUKE PARSONS
Some Graver Subject. By J. B. Broadbent. Chatto & Windus. 30s.

The Comic Sense of Henry James. By Richard Poirier. Chatto & Windus. 30s.

Selected Short Stories. By Guy de Maupassant. University of London Press. 6s. 6d.

MEN AND MEMORIES

The Blowing-up of the Parthenon (Pall Mall Press. 9s. 6d.). “Or How to Lose the Cold War,” is the subtitle of Salvador de Madariaga’s analysis of some confused thinking, of the futility of “talks” and the fears of hot war, of the necessity of informed public opinion, and of human nature’s core which is freedom. There is a powder magazine waiting to be touched off in our civilization too; the former Chairman of the League of Nations Disarmament Com-

mission gives terse answers to pungent questions about the intellectual and moral chaos.

The British Economy 1920-1957 (George Allen and Unwin. 28s.). A. J. Youngson, Professor of Economic History in the University of Edinburgh, brings the subject up to date for the general reader, tracing developments through the boom days after the 1914-1918 war, and the crises of the 'twenties and 'thirties with their "intensification of economic nationalism." Another war saw the establishment of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Given good-will, the author is hopeful of economic progress for free people everywhere.

The Writer and the Commissar (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.). George Palocz-Horvath assesses the situation of authors in the Communist world from Russia to China, from East Germany to North Vietnam. He sees the basic reason for the subjection of literature as "the antinomy between the Party and mankind." Creative artists cannot be used in the struggle or resolve the contradiction; he should know, for after escape and return to Hungary, he was imprisoned for five years. After the crushing of the revolution he escaped again, to live now in London.

The Buried Day (Chatto and Windus. 25s.). C. Day Lewis writes in the disciplined prose of a poet about his Irish-English childhood and days as an undergraduate; of Communist Party allegiance in Cheltenham and schoolmastering, of his too-loving father, of friends, and life in Devonshire. The honest self-portraiture of the book is also an illuminator of the poems, to which many readers will be induced to return with greater comprehension and delight.

This Little Band of Prophets (George Allen and Unwin. 28s.). Anne Fremantle tells the story of the "gentle Fabians" and their influence on social and political trends in the twentieth century. They preached practical possibilities, recalling in the name of their Society the Roman general whose motto was "slow but sure". Yet the talk of Shaw, Bertrand Russell, of Wells and the rest, was a river in spate—bearing along their ideas irresistibly (oh, for an eavesdrop for example on Sidney Webb meeting Herbert Samuel in the interval of *Parsifal* at Covent Garden and discussing "the striking incidence of sickness in pregnancy"). And their industry matched their highmindedness, their idealism, their common-sense, as they laughed, or were solemn, and wrote, studied and bicycled together.

The Scientists were Never at War (Nelson. 30s.). Gavin de Beer takes his title from Jenner who wrote to the French *Institut* and to Napoleon himself in 1805. While France and Britain were fighting each other their thinkers were exchanging knowledge, and the book collects the correspondence of a Hans Sloane, of a Réaumur, of a La Billardiére and a Joseph Banks, and tells of the visits of Charles Blagden and Humphrey Davy to Paris, before the dust of battle had settled.

1660: *The Year of Restoration* (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). Patrick Morrah's study persuades the reader that "Great Britain's only experiment in republican government was dissolving in chaos" when Monk began his march on London. In this admirable account of the momentous months that followed, the appeal of the monarch's sardonic shrewdness, of his wit, kindness and melancholic charm—his instability notwithstanding—comes over potent as ever. Even more important, the daily life of the people, amid all the prestige and pressures of soldier, Parliamentarian, bishop, or sycophant, is acutely observed under the guise of shouting populace, and shared in shop or hovel.

Letters of Edward Fitzgerald (Centaur Press. 21s.). J. M. Cohen has drawn and edited them from Aldis Wright's out-of-print four volumes. The collection demonstrates the author of *Omar Khayyâm* unconfined to that splendid piece of hypnotism and at the same time explains why he was able to write such alluring and noble verse. His interests were as wide as his intellect, or his circle of friends. Whether these were famous, or among the unknowns of Aldeburgh, the quality of his style is "effortless" because it was polished perfect.

GRACE BANYARD